Toronto Saturday Night.

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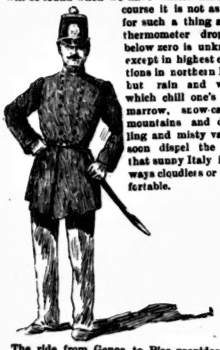
The Valley of the Arno.

I have more than once gone in pursuit of summer in the winter time and in a couple of instances have been able to find it, in a sort of a way, but a more distinguished failure could not have been made than fell to my lot in trying to find sunny Italy in January. Of course if one goes to Naples or Sicily he may find it, but my experience is that unless we cross the equator disagreeable weather of some kind will be found when we have winter here. Of course it is not as cold, for such a thing as the thermometer dropping below zero is unknown except in highest elevations in northern Italy, but rain and winds which chill one's very marrow, snow capped mountains and drizzling and misty valleys soon dispel the idea that sunny Italy is always cloudless or comfortable.



The ride from Genoa to Pisa provides the tourist with a series of very peculiar sensations. For a moment there is a glimpse of blue waters, precipitous headlands extended like arms and enclosing a beautiful bay. The next moment it is darkness and you are going through a tunnel, and then comes a glimpse on the other side of a little narrow valley with cottages and vineyards, and something that has passed with the peasants for many years as a grand house; a church clinging to the mountain side, goats climbing a narrow path, a peasant belaboring a donkey, then a flash of blue water on your right, and darkness—we are in another tunnel. Emerging from it you enter a town as regularly arranged and as lifeless as a cemetery; then a grand house on the mountain side, the goats and the vineyard, the donkey, the man, the cudgel: to the right a little strip of water leading to the sea, and then darkness and another tunnel. Somebody told me there were ninety of these tunnels between Genoa and Pisa; I think there are about fifty. One's eyes grow tired in the double task of trying to accustom themselves to the dim yellow light of the lamp, as we go through the tunnels, and to the blazing brilliance as the train trundles across the valley and flashes upon you a glimpse of the glittering sea.

Italian cars are not absolutely palatial, and even the first-class are none too good for those who wish something pretending to comfort and cleanliness. If there is anything I hate anywhere it is a "tidy," one of those obtrusive and badly attached things which fall off the back of a chair as you sit down, fasten themselves to the buttons at the rear of your coat or gather themselves into a wad between the sitter and the aforesaid chair. One of the great glories of a first-class Italian coach is its tidies, in which the name of the road is worked with the careful ugliness which distinguishes the same miserable piece of furniture containing the name of a friend, "From Mary," "Home, Sweet Home," etc. These tidies do not see the wash tub as often as they should, and while they may protect the back of the seat there is no guarantee that they will protect the back of one's head. Some of the through trains, like the Rome and Nice Express, or the train that runs from Rome to Paris, may have exceedingly comfortable cars with sleepers and a dining coach attached, but if you do not find it convenient to use these imitations of an American express train, first-class is quite ordinary and second-class isn't good enough.

At Pisa there is a very comfortable railroad station, just back of which is a piazza with a row of hotels on either side and at the end. It doesn't very much matter which one you use. If you are a stranger the proprietor of the cheapest looking one of the lot is apt to charge you just as high a price as could be decently inflicted at the most expensive. We stayed at Hotel de Milan. Nobody spoke English, but we had an eclectic sort of a conversation which was quite satisfactory, and were served without extra charge with a gallon of wine to wash down a very fair and well served dinner. Pisa is a rare old town. Most of it was built with an idea that there was plenty of room and centuries of time to finish whatever was begun. As we drove from one little square to another, all alike seemed to be lacking in population. The sun, following the early habit of its winter tour, was declining to furnish anything more than a half-tone to the quiet landscape through which the Arno, spanned by noble bridges, swept with gentle curves. This river, hallowed by wonderfully historic memories, seems to pursue its way through the valley in which Pisa lies, as if hunting from side to side for the easiest and slowest way to reach the sea. As one crosses the greater bridge, its sweeping curves and slow current seem to come down from the ages of art and leisure, and the houses which cluster beside it all have the grayish-yellow tint of long ago.

We had just time to reach the leaning tower, the cathedral and the baptistry before closing up time. No one who has ever dallied with a geography has escaped a picture of the leaning tower of Pisa, and just as invariably have we all escaped a proper conception of the glories of sculptured marble pillars, the grace of design and detail and the immensity which characterize the structure. It is immense, and yet I found little pleasure in looking at it, for it is an architectural freak, a show thing, a curiosity after a more beautiful fashion, perhaps, than the five-legged calf or one of the mis-shapen abominations which are advertised by dime museums, but nevertheless a freak. In detail it is not unlovely, nor architecturally does it fail to be one of the wonders of the world, yet it is a freak, and I am not fond of freaks. The church is beautiful, with a wonderful dome and long, gloomy aisles and a sad history, all of which was unusually impressive in the twilight hour. It required a half a dollar to convince the caretaker that we were not too late to see the baptistry, which building stands by itself, though a part of the great group of which the leaning tower and the cathedral are the greatest. It is circular, lofty, and crowned by a magnificent dome. The pulpit is a marvel in marble of sculpture, pillar, and platform. The font, in which all the infants of Pisa are baptized, is interesting; the great space and the wondrously lofty dome amaze one, particularly in the half-light, but its great charm is its echo. I have heard it compared with other echoes said to be found in places I have visited, but to me there is nothing like it elsewhere. The sound of the human voice rolls up through that vast and lofty building and surges in waves from side to side of that great dome, like the pealing of the most enormous and wonderful organ played by an artist who knows every trick of tremulo and grand chorus. Slowly spoken words drift up through the arches and swell into what seems like the distant coming of a cyclone of sound. It is wonderful. No one can listen without awe and admiration.

Outside of the Campanile, cathedral and baptistry, there is nothing much to see in Pisa of sufficient interest to detain the hurried tourist, except some of the places in which beautiful statuary and pictures are exposed, and at eight o'clock we were on our way to Florence.

There are two ways of getting to Florence from Pisa; one is by Pistoia, the other isn't by Pistoia. No matter which one you take you will be sorry you didn't take the other, for the coaches are uncomfortable, the roads rough, and the time consumed seemingly interminable. It was nearly midnight when Florence was reached. The hotel we had selected had no 'bus at the station. Hotel New York sounded home-like and was accepted instead. As you pass up through the gate opening from the station, a customs officer comes to the door of the carriage and inquires if you have anything dutiable in your baggage. This is a performance one notices in nearly all the Italian cities, which seem to have retained the right to levy a municipal customs tariff of their own. All that seems necessary is to assure the officer that we have nothing upon which we are willing to pay taxes, and he is satisfied. I think questions of this sort breed a race of prevaricators. Italians tamper with the truth not more than other nationalities, if we test their complimentary and evasive conversation by applying the test of whether or not they wish to deceive; they haven't any expectation of being believed when they extend their highly colored compliments, or reply to inspectors with that fervidly honest tone which the world over is the favored vehicle of untruth.

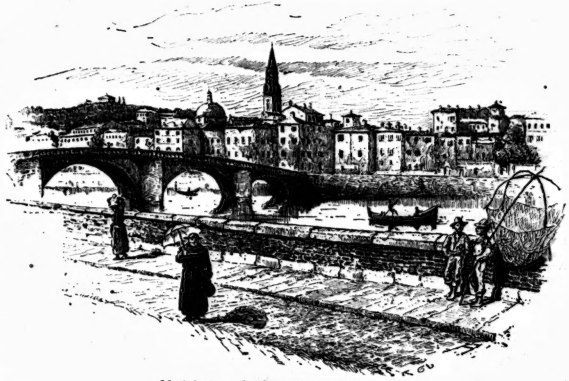
At the hotel we found an elevator; it is apparently worked by a pump on the ground floor. The passengers are put in it, a man moves the handle of the pump and up you go. You stop opposite the door of your flat, it flies open and out you go. A wild haired domestic meets you there, having endeavored to run up the stairs as fast as you went up the stoop. Our room was on the fourth floor, if I counted correctly, and seemed to be four storeys high. The echo was not quite as good as in the Pisa baptistry, but for domestic purposes it was ahead of any empty church or drill shed we have in America. Two tallow candles were lighted and flickered about in the gloom of this dormitorial abyss like two June bugs in a midnight meadow. The air was cold and had that particular flavor which would naturally belong to the chamber of Julius Cæsar after being just opened for the reception of nineteenth century visitors. By unpacking the family valise and spreading neckties and collars, last week's shirts, and so on, over the bed, and thatching the mound with traveling rugs, we made ourselves believe that the beds were inhabitable and plunged between the icy sheets.

What one has to eat in a good hotel in Florence is by no means bad, and as January is not the season when they expect visitors one cannot judge of how comfortable they make things in the spring and fall. But no matter what season it may be, when an intelligent guide begins to show you this grand old city and tell you of its history, of the great families who lived and died in this great palace with its solemn facade, of those who inhabited this house and that; how the Medicis had begun their career here, and that Michael Angelo once lived over there; that this was the birth place of Dante, and in that old palace he had first met Beatrice; that the little monastery had been the home of Savonarola—then, indeed, long before the great churches and palaces and galleries are explored the visitor cannot but have been impressed by the idea that he is in the chapter house of art and is wandering about in the glorious arena which saw some of the greatest conflicts of modern history. Florence has an atmosphere of its own. It was a great city when Italy was not great; it seemed to depend on itself only for its preeminence. Five, six hundred years ago Florence was as it now is, the home of the Tuscans, those Italians who are of the greatest stature, finest physique, brightest brain, and possessed of the greatest love of liberty.

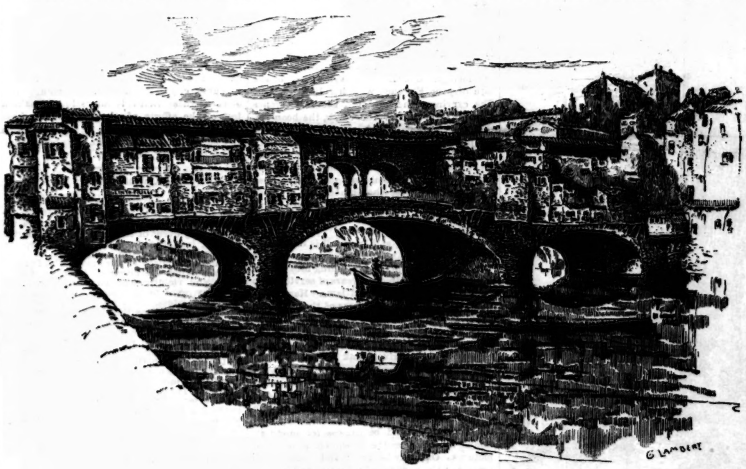
Florence, as you know, is a very ancient city, and it matters little whether it was founded by the Etruscans or by the Romans. It is old enough to have been overrun by the Goths, to have been created a duchy by Charlemagne, and to have passed through a long series of revolutions until it was ceded to the Pope, though remaining to a great extent a fief of the German empire. With divided authority came the usual fight; the Guelphs favored the Pope and the Ghibellines the Emperor. From that time until its liberty was virtually lost after the siege of 1530, it was the scene of internecine strife of the most bloody and revengeful kind. The Guelphs expelled the Ghibellines and the Ghibellines expelled the Guelphs, and next year the operation was reversed, and the year after it was reversed again, until all Italy was embroiled in the civil war of this "free" city. Then after the Guelphs and Ghibellines wore themselves out in strife and the city made a new struggle for freedom, the Guelph party divided into two factions, the Whites and the Blacks, and their battles were as furious and as bloody as any that had preceded. Then Charles of Valois was invited to come in and keep things quiet, and it was at this time that Dante, then on a mission to Pope Bonfazio, was requested not to return home, and never again did he put foot within the walls of Florence. The story of Dante is so well known that I am ashamed to confess with how much novelty it came to me when I visited Florence. Ringing in my memory was the line he had written and which I may be misquoting:

Ungrateful Florence, thy Dante wanders far.

I knew he had been expelled but had never taken the trouble to inquire why, nor had I learned how heart-breaking were his struggles to revisit the city of his birth. In broken English, but with genuine enthusiasm I could not help admiring, the guide told us as he pointed out the house in which the immortal poet of Italy lived, that there he had been born and in that great square palace with its black facade he had first seen the Beatrice of whom he sang. He was nine and she was eight when he fell in love with someone above his station, and that someone was Beatrice Fortinari. The story of his boyish passion is nearly six hundred years old, yet he sang of her in strains such as have never been equaled by the fervid poets of that sunny land. She spoke to him but once and that was in after life, yet he idealized her and pictured her in such angelic verse that though he and she have both been buried nigh six centuries, her high-born husband has been forgotten and she is remembered as Dante's Beatrice, and he is known in history as the greatest poet of southern climes. His life was full of strange adventure; he was the stooping youth whose neighbors beamed pitifully upon because of his unrequited love, the tall, imperious figure who was many times the ambassador of Florence in the grandest courts of Europe, the Florentine who was made one of the Magnificent Signoria. It was he who was so pre-eminent that when the embassy was to be sent to the Pope he exclaimed, in a frenzy of egotism, "If I go who will stay? If I stay who will go?" He went and never saw Florence again except from the hills on which the monastery of Santa Croce stood. What a strange figure was Dante! He who wrote the Vita Nuova, the Divine Comedy; he who in verse described his travels through Heaven and Hell; he whose Inferno, together with Paradise Lost, has created the traditions of hell with which eloquent preachers frighten us; he who wandered about after he was exiled, conspiring against the city that gave him birth, shaming his genius by petty political intrigues which would disgrace Sir Richard Cartwright. No exiled blackguards, no proscribed banditti seemed to be too low to receive Dante's friendship if they would promise to help him back to the city that he loved. This love was in harmony with the strange and stilted story of his passion for Beatrice, but it brought to him in those days the reputation of a traitor, and he died in Ravenna after having been a hanger-on at the courts of those who shared in his conspiracies against Florence. One cannot but wonder at him in Paris and again appealing to Henry of Luxemburg, cannot but pity him when sneered at in the court of Can Grande of Verona, or but be astonished at him during wild caprices as he loitered



Bridge of the Holy Trinity.



The Ponte Vecchio.

A Tuscan Market Woman.

about the hills from which he could look down upon his well loved Florence; indeed, the student of history cannot but be saddened as well as astounded by all the petty conspiracies and reprehensible intrigues in which he indulged with men who were the known enemies of the city of which he sang. Truly, in history there is no stranger figure than that of Dante, who seemed to have forgotten that Madonna Emma, his wife, the mother of his babies, lived in the city which he so well loved and so intensely hated. Of his wife or of his children he never sang. Truly, the woman wedded to genius has a hard lot.

While looking at the Grand Duomo and the graceful Campanile, one forgets the story of Dante in a new romance, the building of the Duomo which Arnolfo planned and the Campanile which Giotto began and finished. In the illustrations I give of Florence I include no churches, for I have never yet seen a sketch which conveys a proper idea of Italian architecture. The wonderfully tall and graceful tower is one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in the world, yet it was built by a peasant and a painter, a man whose kindly humor and bright but homely face was welcomed all over Italy. While wars raged and factions fought and blood stained the streets of Florence, Giotto continued with his work and was never molested. He went to Pisa, painted pictures in Verona, and was invited everywhere; he was the apostle of art, he knew no faction. And Arnolfo, who began the great Duomo, the Santa Marie del Fiore, another peasant, lived his life uninterrupted by the wars of his time. Brunelleschi placed above Arnolfo's walls that grand dome, the marvel of everyone who has not seen St. Peter's. The story of his life and how he fought in a quiet way for the recognition of his wondrous abilities, is as interesting as any romance. The modeling in clay of Luca del Robbia, which once belonged to the Duomo, is now in the museum, but his name comes too with a charming story of successful struggle for fame. Preceding these great names was that of Farinati Uberti, who designed the wonderful bronze doors of the baptistry, which was a temple in pagan times but in which almost every Christian child in Florence has been baptized. Mrs. Don and I stood by the font while a pair of twins were being given a name spince and the little, much-surprised infants in a cloud of crumpled lace, protested against the water and the oil which fell upon them. It is not so beautiful as the baptistry at Pisa but it is much more historical, and the bronze doors of Uberti, representing many scenes from the creation to the crucifixion, are of fabulous value.

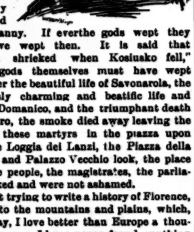
The next place we visited was San Marco, the old Dominican monastery in which Fra Angelico painted those glorious pictures evolved from a pure and loving imagination, pictures which can be seen to-day and will never be forgotten. This old monastery, too, was the home of Saint Antonio, "the good archbishop," who gave everything to the poor. He it was who taught Christian men to organize for the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick, for the burial of the dead and the relief of the living. They said he could perform miracles. I don't believe it, but all Florentine history agrees in saying that he was a wonderfully good man. Nor Catholic nor Protestant, infidel nor pagan, hearing of his lovely life, will dispute his title of Saint Antonio.

Here, too, Girolamo Savonarola, born in 1452, came as prior and flourished under the sway and in spite of the influence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the greatest of the Medici. Lorenzo was grandson of Cosimo, who built San Marco and restored it to the Dominicans after it had been taken away because of the misconduct of their predecessors. Savonarola's voice will ring through the streets of Florence in unwritten appeal to the people when the pictures of Fra Angelico, the poems of Dante, the campanile of Giotto, the dome of Brunelischi and the gates of Uberti are crumbled in dust, for like John the Baptist he was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and are not his ashes all that is left of the great preacher and martyr? The world loves the man who died in defence of his faith, and who is there among the uninspired that ever lived and preached like Savonarola? Who amongst Christians have felt God nearer to them in life and in death? He may have been a fanatic, but he lived and died a gloriously great preacher, who loved God and found Him a Being to whom he could extend his hand and find comfort, and he died a martyr to his faith that the people should be free and that his Master should be Lord of all. There is no story in history that appeals to me more than that of Savonarola. He told his brethren he would preach for eight years, and through all those tumultuous times his voice rang out for God and country until he was silenced by the excommunication of wicked Pope Alexander VI., he who had been Rodrigo Borgia, the father of Cesar and Lucrezia, whose surpassing cruelty and infamy procured for them a place in history quite as vile as that of their father who purchased the popedom of Alexander VI. While Savonarola preached, Lorenzo the Grand, the greatest of the Medici, by his ability and splendor was dazzling Florence and permitting iniquity which was not even gilded by the civilization of later times. Savonarola's speech was Italian, not Latin; the literary dudes and artistic dilettanti and crafty clericalism of the time scoffed at him, but the preaching that came as a voice from God stirred the hearts of the people, and Lorenzo sought to conciliate the monk who disdained his friendship and had power to startle Florence. He sent for Savonarola, but the monk told him that when he wanted to see him he must come to his cell. The magnificent Lorenzo walked up and down before the plain walls and guarded gate of San Marco, but the great preacher came not out to greet him. He even went so far as to stroll through the garden in the center of the monastery, and the monks, like modern preachers, over-awed by the presence of so much greatness in their midst, ran to tell their prior of the great man who might now be properly asked to enter. These two men, both great, however never met until Lorenzo lay dying. When the monk was summoned he bade the magnificent tyrant abdicate his office, restore the goods of those he had robbed, make every atonement that the dying sinner can make before entering the presence of God. With a groan Lorenzo the Magnificent turned his face to the wall, and Savonarola left him unshriven.

After he had died, the people clamored for the restoration of their liberties, and Piero de Medici, the weakling successor of Lorenzo, was driven forth, and the great preacher from his pulpit announced the laws which should, and for a while did, rule Florence. Jesus was crowned king and a theocracy established. Vice was prohibited, peace restored, and the great city through which the yellow Arno flows was at its greatest when intrigues for the restoration of the Medici began. Bernardo del Nero and four of his companions were executed, and the great monk is criticized for permitting it. They died for high treason, a crime which would merit the same offence to day, and it is doubtful if Savonarola could have prevented it. But the spilling of blood is seldom the way towards peace. The strict laws irritated the young noblemen and the machinations of Savonarola's enemies, as well as fear of his preaching, procured the papal excommunication. Unlike Luther, the great preacher did not defy the authority of the Pope, but merely contended against the legitimacy of his election. The Franciscans and other religious bodies intrigued against him, and in a foolish moment he proposed a divine test, went out and stood in the square of San Marco and asked God to strike him dead if he had not faithfully served Him. Then other tests were proposed, and finally the Franciscans suggested that the test of fire be tried, and Domanico, the great preacher's lieutenant, gladly accepted it. Great heaps of wood were erected in front of the Loggia del Lanzi. It was there that the magistrates met, and looking out through those great arches faced the people for whom they were making laws. On the other side the great Palazzo Vecchio, built as a parliament house under the instructions of Savonarola, stood then, as now, and it seems still resonant with the voices of the past and the legislation that was intended to be for the pleasure of God and the good of Florence. The Franciscan friars did not dare go through the burning pile with Domanico. By a half a dozen pretexts they kept the thousands who had assembled in that grand piazza until nightfall. Then came one of those sudden changes which are the wonder of politics and the fear of all those who try to serve the people. The strange and foolish test had not been attempted. The Franciscans, the enemies of the Dominicans and of Savonarola, were to blame, yet the populace were angered at the great preacher because he or one of his had not sought to make the test alone, and it took all the soldiers in the piazza to prevent them from being torn to pieces before reaching the monastery of San Marco. Even that sacred place was assaulted by the populace.

Fountain--Via di Bardi.

The conflict brought out many strange evidences of godly faith and Florentine patriotism, but in the end Savonarola, Domanico and Silvestro were born to dungeons in the Palazzo Vecchio, pursued by the hatred of the Pope, the antagonism of the worst elements of Florence, and the enmity of the religious orders opposed to the theocracy of the great preacher. History tells better than I can attempt, the awful agonies inflicted upon the victims, how their flesh was broken upon the rack in endeavoring to extort a confession that Savonarola had been a fraud and a fakir. Silvestro weakened; Savonarola made a few explanations, but Domanico smiled in the face of those who tore his flesh and broke his bones. The records were falsified; Florence was told that they had recanted; vile notaries were engaged to transmit the wicked lies invented and placed in the mouths of the sufferers, but Florence never believed it. Yet the people did not relent. On Friday before Palm Sunday—I do not know why I remember this date, for I never do remember dates—they came out in the piazza, broken with torture, and were burned before the very eyes of the people they had saved from tyranny. If ever the gods wept they must have wept then. It is said that "freedom shrieked when Kosiusko fell," but the gods themselves must have wept when after the beautiful life of Savonarola, the wondrously charming and beatific life and death of Domanico, and the triumphant death of Silvestro, the smoke died away leaving the ashes of these martyrs in the piazza upon which the Loggia del Lanzi, the Piazza della Signoria, and Palazzo Vecchio look, the place where the people, the magistrates, the parliament looked and were not ashamed.



I am not trying to write a history of Florence, but next to the mountains and plains, which, by the way, I love better than Europe a thousand times over, I have never found anything that appealed to me like Florence. Was it not the birth-place of Michael Angelo? In Santo Lorenzo, a magnificent but unfinished tomb of the Medici, can be seen his Night and Day, his Twilight and Evening, symbolical of the fate of poor Florence with her liberties lost. The carvings, the Mosaics, the rare stones brought from all over the earth, the beauties, the solitude, the glory of art, the supremacy of sculpture—they are all there. And in Santa Croce, the church of the cross, the great dead are buried. This church is grand with gorgeous chapels and marble tombs, grander still because of the names of those who slumber here, on whose title to Florentine greatness is engraved above the sculptured magnificence which is intended to commemorate their deeds.

When one looks at Florence it is impossible to forget the great names and the great events which have kept her from falling into decadence through hundreds of years of servitude to wretched dukes and wicked laws. Here flows the Arno through the center of the old town, with the Bridge of the Holy Trinity, less celebrated in history than memorable to me because it was near the hotel on the broad esplanade on the river bank called the Lung'-Arno, where I lodged. Further down is the Ponte Vecchio, with its houses overhead and a gallery connecting the great Uffizi palace and picture gallery, with the Pitti palace, than which there are no greater picture galleries in the world. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the bewildering mass of pictures. One may be great and make an impression; the next may be greater and obliterate this impression, but in a little while the impression will be obliterated anyway unless one takes days instead of hours to gaze at these masterpieces of the artist world. It takes hours at least to walk through the galleries, and my memory does not serve me as to pictures between the time I passed through the narrow walk over the Arno between these two edifices built to commemorate the Medici and Pitti families, but which are now, with their wealth of art, the property of the people. Florence altogether is a mass of wonderful things. It is where one can easily learn how little one knows about art, how unimportant one's preferences are when great men have created a standard, even if that standard be unappreciated by those who have not learned what is really beautiful and its difference from that which is merely attractive.

The faces which have been scattered across this page are suggestive of those one sees in Florence. Many of them have no trace of artistic impulse or patriotic determination. They are as expressionless when considered in the light of Florentine history as the face of the mummy over whom the poet exclaimed, "And thou hast walked about in Thebes's streets! How strange a story!"

Modern life in Florence I should not imagine to be very interesting, though many English people have gone there and found it a delightful place of rest and study. They have a burying ground, which shows that they are not transient visitors. The yellow Arno is being straightened, and what is called Lung'-Arno, the promenade beside the river, is exceedingly pleasant when one keeps away from the odors of excavation. The shops are bright and pleasant, the peasantry are attractive, and the soldiery extremely though cheaply gorgeous. They do not posture and strut with the same swagger as Germans, but are well drilled and determined looking. The uniforms are not pretty though striking, the material out of which many of the garments are made being too cheap to excite awe; but one thing is very distinguishable, and that is that the Tuscan race is superior in size, in looks, in earnestness, in industry, to that of any other in northern Italy except, perhaps, the Genoese, and histories say they are superior to all in southern Italy.

The great lanterns which once lighted the streets, the enormous rings to which the ropes are fastened for carnival decorations, are all there; the palaces of the great families still exist, generation after generation living in the same block with the same piazza in the center, the eldest member still dominating all the rest. Riches and luxury can be found, not here and there, but everywhere except where the working people live. One wonders how the prosperity of this city has continued. Even in the most troublous times the artificers in gold and silver and precious stones seemed to have followed their tasks undisturbed by the sound of civil war or protracted siege. The peaceful men have written histories of their time, telling how to marry and to rule a wife. Only those who wanted to fight seem to have fought; those who cared to be peaceful, made money and built villas for themselves out on the vine-clad hills.

It must be remembered that Florence was not the capital of a province; it was a city by itself. The land without her walls and the cities within a league had governments of their own, and all Italy was so subdivided until that great unification brought about by Garibaldi. Though this unification has made Italy one of the great powers of the world, yet Florence still dominates; though of course Genoa is the commercial capital of the kingdom.

Our guide informed me that the hotel in which we lived had once been a palace of the Medici family. As he explained the five "pillas" I could not understand what he meant, yet when the shield with this peculiar emblem came in sight I discovered that the "pillas" were pills, and that the Medici had gotten their name from the head of the family who was a doctor and who was not ashamed to put "pillas" on his coat-of-arms. As one wanders about, conviction follows that they must have lived in nearly half the great houses in the city, so many of them are marked by this coat-of-arms.

We were there only a couple of days, and all I have to tell is the simple story of my impressions as they linked themselves to what little I know about history. If I had a year to devote to study of the past, to learning the methods of the great artists, to the study of architecture, to the fitting of myself as a critic of these things, I should love to spend it in Florence. Rome has its glories, its tales of lust, its amphitheaters, and its gladiators and its martyrs, yet the great primary school for learning to appreciate these things, is to travel slowly down the ages and to learn of those things that happened between now and then, and that great school is in Florence. I feel like apologizing for writing so much about things of which I know so little. My only excuse is that with so little knowledge I found this great city so interesting, so solemn, so full of earnestness that it is impossible to make a jest of the efforts of the great men whose names and deeds make up the story of this city surrounded by the Apennines and through which the yellow Arno flows. DON.

Out of Town.

PORT HOPE.

Dunbarton Hall, the residence of Mayor Burnham, was the scene of the most pleasurable society event of the season on Wednesday evening last, the occasion being a reception and progressive euchre party given by Mrs. Burnham in honor of her guest, Miss Dean of Lindsay, when the *creme de la creme* of Port Hope and vicinity were *en attendance*. The company were received in the drawing-room by the hostess, assisted by her charming daughter, Miss Fiena Burnham, who performed the ceremonies in a most felicitous and graceful manner. The euchre tables were arranged in the spacious and richly furnished parlors, which were brilliantly lighted and performed by the flowers in the adjoining conservatory. The arrangements for progressive euchre were novel and original, and the play was immensely enjoyed. The prizes were presented by Miss Dean, after which an adjournment was made to the dining hall where a bountiful supper was served. Among the guests present were: Miss Dean of Lindsay, Miss Lloyd, Miss Maud Corbett, Misses Scott, Miss Paterson, Miss Short, Miss Georgia Furby, Miss Helen Quay, Mrs. Andras, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Crank, Mr. Montgomery of Peterboro', Mr. Frank Fields, Mr. Fred Fields, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Macdougal of Cobourg, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, jr., of Toronto, Mr. Rodrick Smart, Mr. D. H. Chisholm, Mr. E. B. Andros, Mr. J. A. Woodhouse, Mr. A. B. Defroy, Mr. W. F. Trayes, Mr. Harry Henwood, Mr. R. C. Corbett, Mr. Erets and Col. Benson. FRANCIS.

The Whole Truth.

A rattle of poker chips sounded in the collector's ears as he opened the door of the office.

"Is Mr. Brinkins in?" he inquired.

"No, sir," replied the office boy. "He is out about seven dollars."

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Swede Gloves, Glace Gloves, Men's Gloves.

Cream mode and biscuit shades in Swede Gloves (the latest style from Paris) are worn with every dress.

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New Suitings New Cloths New Tweeds

For tailor-made dresses in all the latest shades.

Dress Fabrics in all the newest colorings and designs.

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Having opened our Show Rooms for the season, we beg to call the attention of the ladies to our choice designs in

SPRING MILLINERY

We are showing something new every day. And we study to bring as many novelties as possible, for the benefit of our customers.

Special attention to orders by mail.

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Around Town.

In a railroad coach last winter I had as a fellow passenger a Roumanian merchant who spoke English very well and was fond of asking questions. When I found out he was from one of the Balkan provinces I pitied him as a down-trodden citizen of a semi-civilized state, for Western people cannot conceive that Servia and Bulgaria and Roumania are anything more than a half-heathen mixture of Turk and Tartar. He surprised me, however, by very distinctly showing his sympathy for me. "Oh, from Canada, eh?" he exclaimed. "A verr corrupt country, eh! Steal all ze public mooney, eh! Get into Parliament by buy ze votes, eh! Efferybody steal from efferybody else, eh! I haf read of him in ze London *Times*. I takke ze London *Times*." This was pretty rich, coming from a Roumanian, where Russian intrigue, Turkish corruption, Austrian venality and Grecian crookedness are supposed to have brought political wickedness down to a fine art. Yet at this moment it is the general European opinion of Canadian politics.

***

No doubt municipal politics in some of the large cities of the United States are worse than ours, but I have been unable to discover any admittedly civilized country where national and provincial politics are more thoroughly impure than our own. In many countries officials are more corrupt, accept a bribe more brazenly, and cannot be depended upon to do anything without sharing in the profit, but nowhere is political sentiment so warped or election methods more unwholesome than right here in Canada. Our necessities, the division of our people into racial, religious, political and geographical factions may have rendered these methods necessary. These things at least are our excuse.

***

The corruption of our politics would not stand forth in such black colors had it not as a background the pure white of our pretensions. Nowhere on the face of the globe can be found a people who pretend to be so good as we do. I think it is quite impossible for anyone to be as angelic as our politicians would have people believe them to be. The election courts prove that corrupt influences are used, yet each man who is unseated has the entire sympathy of his party. I hope Canada has not finally decided that this is the only way Confederation can be held together or annexation prevented. If a thorough debauchment of public opinion is the price we must pay for the maintenance of Confederation, we are paying too much. Annexation being national suicide should most certainly be avoided, yet it could not be more disgraceful than the prolongation of our life by the vicious methods which long use has made "legitimate." Even the domination of the patriotic party and the possibility of a patriotic policy are worthless to us if the old men sell their votes because they need money, the middle-aged become traders in the franchise, and the young are brought up to believe that everything is fair which brings public works to a county, triumph of a party, or the possession of a five dollar bill to the voter as the result of promising to vote for those who are thieves and carry the bag. It was hoped that we would outgrow this infamous condition, but are we outgrowing it? Bribery is a more delicate operation than it once was, and the retail trade in votes has become dangerous; but wholesale corruption by using the church, the Department of Public Works, the executive functions of the Government, the judicial power, chiefly the legislative functions thereof, is every day becoming a more "legitimate" part of politics. The man who does not believe in this sort of thing is said to be too soft for a politician; he who is not an adept in dickering off all those things which are a part of the sacred trust of office, is laughed at as a man who ought to peddle milk instead of trying to be a statesman.

***

If we would like to see ourselves as others see us, it is sometimes a fortunate thing to go away from home and hear the judgment of those who watch our proceedings from afar. They may misunderstand us in a great many respects, but sentimentally they size us up very correctly. I think I love this country as well as anyone loves her. Of the past nine months more than half of the time has been passed in traveling amongst those who have no dislike of us or our institutions, but who have been watching the development of our affairs. I am not overstating the truth when I say that Canadian politics stink in the nostrils of those whom I have met. These things do not bother me when I am at home, because here we are used to just this sort of business; it doesn't strike me as unusual or particularly offensive. When I come back home and find that everything is considered to be running all right, I am quite willing to accept the existing state of things, though in the present instance I have taken an early opportunity of writing what I conceive to be the outsiders' opinion before contact with my fellow-countrymen convinces me that the outsider is either a howling idiot or is so prejudiced against Canada that he can see nothing good in what we do. No doubt my political sense and patriotism would stand higher if I refrained from making these remarks, yet I hope my readers will excuse me for having a conscientious pang now and then and mitigating a few truthful things just to ease my pain. It probably won't happen me again for quite a while, for the soothing atmosphere of dear old Canada does not produce many violent disturbances of the political conscience.

***

Don't you think if we are going to run business this way that we had better thoroughly legitimatize it at once? If this is the only way to govern Canada, why let us govern it this way, without any pretense of following the effete traditions of purity and patriotism. It cannot see that the methods employed are as repulsive as the pretense we make of not employing them. Some effort should be made to breed a race of honest men in this country, even if they are honest corruptionists. Our present tendency is to produce a nation of hypocrites. Even Mercier, with all his ability, could not succeed in thoroughly corrupting the province of Quebec without pretending to be religious. The men who took his bribes did it for the good of the church, so they said to themselves, and all through the disastrous *régime* of the Count of the Holy Roman Empire everybody was rotten for God's sake and in God's name. Then when the rottenness was exposed they became pure for God's sake and in God's name, though I believe they would have been rotten yet if there had been a dollar left in the box to have made the fraud profitable for a few years longer.

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So it goes all the way down, and here in Toronto we are no better than they are anywhere else. What pretty reading the Toronto papers afford to the outside student who is in pursuit of information. I had opportunity while three or four thousand miles away, of reading for a couple of months of blackmailing operations, of self interested schemes advanced in the name of public progress, of a dozen and one little tricks for money making cloaked in some garb of piety or progressiveness. Of course humanity is a weak outfit, this is generally admitted, and as "Mack" said in one of his excellent articles in this paper, Toronto is prone not only to be weak, but to worship at the great, big, ugly, clay feet of the god of Pretense. Between our hobby horse riders and fad pounders, the enthusiastically honest have hard enough work to select a leader! Between the priests and preachers, who are telling us to do this and that and not to do this or that, the lazy good folks hardly know what to avoid, so they contend to avoid everything that does not meet with popular approval and then go on and be just the same as if they were not being preached at. The daily newspapers—almost entirely governed by private interest or fearful lest they may offend someone who is for or against—make a rule never to kick up a row until after the wolf has gotten safely away with the lamb. Amidst so much pounding of tom-toms and in the flourishing of censers and the hooooing of unpopular men, the tearing down of officials to-day when the mob can hardly be restrained from rending them, and the setting of the idol up again to-morrow—these rich feasts of devilled donkey, free to all who attend, leave one really undecided how to act. There only remains the one safe scheme of rolling up your eyes and pulling down your mouth, the upward look being interpreted to mean that you are surprised at everything, and the sad mouth may be interpreted that you are sorry for everybody. If asked what you would advise, keep your opinion to yourself; it may be wrong. Counsel the inquirer to engage in prayer and you make no mistake.

***

Things are getting pretty hard to manage hereabouts and it behooves a man to walk circumspectly. If you go wrong in any anxiety to guide public opinion or to follow someone who has any heart in him, it will be remembered against you. Don't do it. Look devout and let the town go to the devil. If you should happen to do right it will be forgotten before the newspapers come out in the morning, and if your good deeds should happen to reach the office in time for publication a dozen men will hasten to contradict the report in the next issue. Great is the god of Hypocrisy! Let us fall down and worship him.

***

I grieve to see Brother Samuel Blake in so much trouble. According to the belief of many, and certainly within his belief in himself, he is one of the few really good men left to us. He is opposed to the Sunday street cars and to the Tories, and all manner of ungodliness. Have we not always looked to him to uplift his voice in the cause of temperance and religion, free-free? Outside of this his voice is ordinarily uplifted for his client, right or wrong, at so much per uplift. It is absolutely sinful for the city to criticize so good a man, and when an alderman went so far as to hint that the Street Railway Company were pulling Samuel's leg the enraged populace should have at once torn him to pieces. It may as well be known now as to be announced in less fervid words hereafter, that the saintly member of the devout Samuel cannot be pulled. Certainly nobody who is any judge of human nature would imagine for an instant that S. H. Blake would accept a bribe; he is not that kind of a man. Yet he can be humbugged just as easily as any man in Toronto, and this operation has been made easy because he is so much in the habit of humbugging himself. He can make mistakes, and has made them. No more distinguished example could be given than that he prepared the agreement with the Street Railway Company and now after many months he is discovered trying to tinker up some of his own errors. If there were no weak places in it why does he want to revise it and change it? Of course Mr. Biggar was associated with him; this may be his excuse for making mistakes, for poor Biggar has been a mistake from the very beginning, a mistake which can only be rectified by his departure from public life; which is to say, that course might put an end to his public mistakes.

***

Mr. S. H. Blake would no doubt like to establish a theocracy in Toronto with himself as the theocrat, thus making it a sort of a Samocracy, as it were. I don't know that we would be much worse off. Between an incompetent council and hired lawyers and a woolly mayor, we are out of luck. With S. H. Blake as dictator things might mend, yet there would be a great danger of the dictator falling into his usual mistake of getting his opinion and God's will so mixed up that the rest of us wouldn't be in it.

***

Among many sins that Canada has been guilty of is this Dominion's general disregard of James David Edgar, a lawyer of Toronto, who represents a rural constituency and himself in the House of Commons. Mr. Edgar is an able man; that is to say, he is able to stay in Parliament while a great many cleverer men get knocked out. He no doubt has a mission. Unless it be to keep the Reform party out of power I cannot name his particular value, but even that is worth mentioning. J. D. is one of those blandly cheerful persons with whom a good digestion answers instead of a conscience, and he can get up and make an prominent an ass of himself as any man in the seven provinces. Just now he is struggling with two public questions, both of which doubtless deserve attention and would have had attention had anyone else undertaken the task. He is after the scalp of Sir Adolphe Caron and I shall say nothing to prevent him getting it. He is also hot-foot in pursuit of the cotton combine, which, by the way, may be a very iniquitous affair, but it must be admitted that he has shown no reason for his opinion. He announces, quite correctly, that practically all the cotton mills have been brought under one management, and then proceeds with his argument. When protection was established competition was to have protected the people. Many mills were established, produced too much stuff, and ruined themselves. Now a company has bought them all up and he fears that the poor man will have to pay an increased price. Surely he doesn't expect business to be continually transacted on a losing basis. If a cotton combine increases its price so as to earn a dividend on its five million dollars of capital, it will only do that which everyone in Canada would have done under similar circumstances. It is possible that Mr. Edgar does business for fun, but he is not generally accused of it. What does he want done with these cotton mills? His wail in Parliament seems to indicate a desire that the tariff be changed so as to ruin the purchasers of these mills and prevent a monopoly. What beautiful logic this is, so thoroughly Grit. During competition he says they lost fifty per cent. of their capital. Now by changing the laws of the country under which the new company has begun to do business, he would like to lose them the other fifty per cent. And what would be the result? The cotton industry would be wiped out of Canada and we would have to import our cottons. Nor would this be the final or most serious result of his policy. We would practically say to investors, "Don't dare to spend a dollar in Canada, for if we discover that you are making a decent return on your investment we will change the laws so as to ruin you." We have long been wondering why capital does not flow into Canada. It is this sort of people who prevent the investment of foreign wealth. For the government of a country to conspire to ruin investors is not only wrong, it is insane. Yet this appears to be what Mr. Edgar is after.

***

Toronto follows this policy quite considerably. There seems to be a general fear that somebody will make something here. If anyone proposes a scheme the City Council and Ratepayers' Association, all those who are so unenterprising that their presence is a burden rather than an assistance, get their heads together and say, "We mustn't let this go. Somebody is going to make a dollar and we won't get a cent of it." Nobody can establish great works of any kind in a city like this without sharing the profit with the people. If we keep on fighting enterprises in this way we will succeed in killing every effort made by capitalists to establish themselves. Trusts are not half so dangerous as distrusts. The whole tendency of the times is to concentrate business in a few hands, and no instance can be given in which the cost of production has increased or in which the price of the output has not been decreased. Let us have some width in the management of our affairs or Canada as a whole, and Toronto, the place we are most particularly interested in, will be left in the lurch.

***

The same spirit which seems to be horribly afraid lest somebody may get rich easily or get place without opposition, inclines all the opposing organizations to nominate a candidate to fill the vacancy created by the sad death of Mr. H. E. Clarke, one of Toronto's representatives in the Legislature. Everyone knows that this city is overwhelmingly Conservative, that a Conservative member will be elected no matter how many candidates are placed in the field, and that it is perfectly right that the unfinished term of a Conservative representative should be completed by a Conservative. It will cost a great many thousands of dollars to hold an election. Why spend this money? Why go to all the trouble and create all the excitement of an election contest? The first man to declare himself in a person whose candidature is offensive to everybody. Annexation under the best of circumstances is a contemptible policy, but it is not half as contemptible as the self-elected exponent of the idea. If it be desired by the few annexationists who may live in Toronto to get a secret count of their number, they will not accomplish it by the candidature of a man who is repulsive to every decent impulse of this city. He would cheerfully cause the money of the province to be spent in getting for him a gratuitous notice in the newspapers, but certainly the Liberals, the Equal Rights and the Workingmen's organizations should not enter into a competition with this discredited person.

***

On the other hand, it is to be hoped that the Conservatives will nominate a man who is so distinctly worthy of the place that the best thought of the city will admit his fitness. There are a great many good fellows that it would be a pleasure to see advanced, yet their nomination would make the Conservative party a laughing-stock and induce the Liberals and other organizations to undertake a trial of strength. Mr. Meredith needs more help in the Legislature and the nominating convention should undertake to supply him with the best and most aggressive and valuable lieutenant available.

DON.

Experientia Docet.

Sammy Mammasby—Going to move in May, Tommy.

Tommy Tufnut—Yep.

Sammy Mammasboy—How do you know?

Tommy Tufnut—Ah! how d' I know? Did n't m' mother lemme break a collar winder t' other day an' did n't say nartin'? How d' I know? A a-ah, you!

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

West's Safety Habit Skirt

A SPECIALTY.

STOVEL & COMPANY,

LADIES' TAILORS,

73 King West, Toronto, Canada,

and 23 Conduit Street, London, Eng.

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STILL CONTINUES

A Few Specialties for This Week are as follows:

600 Pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains at HALF-RRICE

225 Pairs Irish Point and Swiss Curtains 20 Per Cent. off Regular Prices

250 Pairs Fancy Silk and Silk Stripe Curtains 20 Per Cent. off Regular Prices

250 Pairs Turcoman and Chenille Curtains 20 Per Cent. off Regular Prices

About 1,000 yards Cream and White Muslins and Nets for Sash Curtains 20 Per Cent. off Regular Prices

About 3,000 yards of LIBERTY'S Famous Fabrics—Cretonnes, Silks, Velvettas, etc., at 20 and 25 per Cent. off Regular Prices

Window Shades 20 Per Cent off Regular Prices

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$50,000.00

OF

Trunks, Travelling Bags, Satchels, Fancy Leather Goods, &c.

THE LARGEST AND MOST SELECT STOCK ON THIS CONTINENT

It is positively necessary that the above immense stock be greatly reduced at once. To enable us to do so we propose to sell at a discount from 10 to 50 per cent. off our former low prices. This elegant stock is comprised of the following lines: Trunks, made for us especially; Travelling Bags and Satchels, made for us especially; Fitted Toilet Bags and Cases, imported direct from the English makers; Pocket Books and Purses, from France and Germany; Brush and Comb Sets—Ivory and imitation, and all other varieties of Fancy Goods.

Missie Celie's Di'monds.

The plantation was sparkled here and there with unusual flares of light. It was the light of bon-fires which the pickaninnies were kindling for the eve of Missie Celie's wedding. Marse Lindum had come riding on his high-stepping horse, and Boss Peter had tripped over Lil Jule's kite string and lain sprawling on the roadway in his hurry to open the gate for the bridegroom-elect. Every one talked together, dogs barked, whips cracked, darkies rolled anticipatory eyes, pickaninnies toddled about under every one's feet, and Missie Celie, flitting here and there like a "lil white spir't," saying good-byes with smiles and tears and presents, was the cynosure of all observers. Mammy Jule was also an important personage.

"Yes, I'se gwine Norf wif Missie Celie," she said solemnly. "Cudn't lef that ar angel go s' far fom her pa an' ma by her lonely. Mam Jule, she's gwine wiffer, and yoh darkies mus' bid far'well to bof on us. Pears lak a dream sholy. Missie Celie jess settle hersef when 'long cum Marse Lindum pickety-pockety 'long dat highway an' ca'y her off Norf! Oh, darkies, dat ar's nachel, just as nachel as livin'—heap mo' fun dan dyin'—'t 'twan't fo' leavin' Gawge Mam Jule would be pow'ful light-minded dis mawnin', but 'pears lak dey mus' be bittah in all sugar-pot. Sho! Missie Celie's cum home nex' fall ter see de ole marse an' miss. Free four monfs ain't much—dey jess flies 'long! I'se be back yere fo' Gawge begin ter miss me!"

Mam Jule strode down the roadway to bid good-bye to Boss Peter and his little quadroon wife. She walked with the dignity of two hundred pounds and the position of mammy to Missie Celie, whom she had nursed and toted, and worshipped and lectured these twenty years. It was dark along the shaded path beside the roadway, and as she trod firmly along she became aware that some one else was just ahead of her. Whether man or woman she could not tell, and was just about to hail them that she might have company, when a sudden whisper smote on her acute hearing:

"Gawge, yere's de turn; come froo yere!" and the figure in front of her suddenly disappeared, having taken a sharp turn where the stunted hedge was slightly gappy and easily passable.

Mam Jule stood stock still, and her mouth was open to call sharply after George, whom she knew to be her son, when the same stealthy whisper added:

"W'ah de ole woman?"

"Guess mammy's up to de house. She has a pow'ful lot to do, tending on Missie Celie. Why's yoh askin'?" said a voice Mam Jule knew.

It was George, the tall, brawny, black man whom Mam Jule has serious thoughts of sometimes.

"He's so bossy; jess lak he's pa," she would say, sighing. "Dat darkie mos' be de def of Jule!"

George had no sweetheart among the dusky girls who glided from cabin to great house, laden with trays of napery or dainty linen for Missie Celie and the ladies, nor yet among the coarser clay who toiled in the plantation fields. Mam Jule's keen eyes were ever open to detect the faintest symptoms of her son's preference for Alice or Rose or Nell, but so far she was fain to confess George was "pow'ful reserved."

Full of astonishment and interest, therefore, she stood like an image in the dark roadway, scarcely breathing that she might not lose a word of the unexpected dialogue.

"Why's I askin'?" and a sharp little dry laugh made Mam Jule nearly bounce in the air. "'Cause, my big bat, ef dat ole woman 'spect der leas' thing, good-bye di monda."

Again Mam Jule started spasmodically, but placing one great hand over her chest and clutching the other in her apron, she ground her teeth over the half uttered word and was mute. Well she recognized that little dry chuckle as the peculiar property of Boss Peter's pretty wife, and albeit she could not at once grasp the full significance of this unlooked-for discovery, her black skin crept with dismay and horror at her suspicions.

"Come roun' by de cotton bales, an tell me what you'se done," said George softly. "Dis yere's too close to de road fer us."

"Pooh!" said Boss Peter's wife lightly. "An' what would we say ef Pete was ter come nosin' round dey cotton bales. No, my black bat, no one comes down dis road and me not hear um! I'se tell yoh, in free four words, de whole mattah. To morrow, after de mah'age, yoh be at de lil gate by missie's window. I hand yoh lil bag; yoh go straight for the cabin. I be dar, and, good-bye to dis yer old place! yoh undehstan'!"

"Yes," said George doubtfully. "Yoh be dah soh!"

"Whaffor I stay behin'!" said Boss Peter's wife softly. "Yoh an' dose di-monds fotch me anywhar, Gawge."

A subdued chuckle made Mam Jule's turban rise over her horrified wool, and a sudden rustle in the hedge made her heart stop beating. Close by her stood Boss Peter's wife, though she could not see her, and clear and distinct came her parting words:

"Now, good-night; don' be a fool, Gawge. After to-morrer yoh can do yoh loverin'. To-night we've got odder fish ter fry."

Their steps receded in the direction of Boss Peter's cottage, leaving behind a wreck of womanhood, a dazed, confounded, abject creature, hardly recognizable as the important and dignified Mam Jule, who had strode so firmly and so proudly on her way to exchange farewells with this little arch-traitress, ten minutes ago! Poor, wounded, loyal heart! How it sank under its weight of fear and shame as the powerful frame bent, and the shaking limbs dragged their way back to the small cabin where she and George lived together; where she had borne him, suckled him, taught him to love and care for Missie Celie as his highest duty and privilege. Once in her own wee chamber, Mam Jule fell on her knees.

"Foh de good Lawd," she said hoarsely; "Mam Jule will fool yous two! A son oh mine, O Lawd! O Lawd!" and tears rained down the round black cheeks, and dropped b'g and hot upon the ample white kerchief which was crossed over her heaving bosom.

All night long Mam Jule knelt and sat in her tiny room, listening to her stalwart son's regular breathing, as he slept beyond the thin partition. All night, a night that seemed years in length to her, she thought over this shipwreck of her life and then over this low, vile plot to rob her fair young foster child. For she had learned a good deal from those half dozen sentences whispered behind the hedge, a good deal of villiany, falsehood, crime and cunning in the soft voice and unctuous chuckle of Boss Peter's faithless wife; a good deal of weak yielding, of infatuation and of wicked desire in George's hoarse and impatient whispers, and Mam Jule wres'led long and angrily with her own feelings till she could think only of her mistress. When the early morning dawned on the wedding day she was praying softly, incoherently, but some light came on her bewildered mind as she knelt in the growing morning. "I do it," she said firmly. "By de help ob de Lawd I do it." She rose stiffly from her knees and went softly out into the living room. On the far side, another tiny room showed George lying sound asleep.

"I get ahead ob yoh, young massa," she said grimly. "Whaffor I borne yoh? Whaffor I bring yoh up high-minded? To run off wiv dat yellow trash? *No, sah!*" and with a nod that spoke volumes, the mother went about her preparations. From a crevice in the brickwork of her rough hearth she took a small box and, having boiled some water, she stirred into it a tiny spoonful of white powder, then a heaped handful of coffee—Sunday coffee, only used on highdays and holidays by its lucky possessor.

George stirred restlessly.

"What time, mammy?" he asked, drowsily.

"Time lazy folks was hoppin'," retorted Mam Jule dryly, clattering her coffee biggin. "I'se got a heap on my min' dis day, chile. What wiv g.in' Norf to-morrer, an' mah'ing Missie Celie to-day, I'se boun' to be brisk. But you'se no need to be spookin' roun, in de dusk; just lay low, and I'se bring yoh yuse coffee and pone befoah I'se go up to wake dem lazy niggers at de house. Pears lak I'd admire to cosie yoh some dis mawnin', Gawge, 'cause to-morrer youse'll hab no ole mammy yere to wait on yoh."

A lingering pain rent the usually full, rich voice, and George raised himself on his elbow in his neat little bed and watched her as she bustled about the fire.

"Youse don't need ter go," he said suddenly.

"I won't, 'f yoh kyant spar' me," she said eagerly.

"Why, mammy, on'y yes'day you'se all sot on goin' wiv Missie Celie. 'Spose I said, stay 'long wiv me; would yoh?"

The answer came soft, but clear.

"If it would do yoh good, Gawge, I'd stay."

George laughed and lay down.

Oh, go long of Missie Celie," he said carelessly. "I'se able to loan yoh to her. Course youse gwine Norf, mammy."

Mam Jule's eyes snapped and her hand closed on a hapless egg and crushed in into slimy ooze.

"I'se brung yoh breakfus," she said presently. "Some ob dat stoh coffee, 'cause it's Missie Celie's mah'age mawnin!" and she set a generous wooden tray of scrambled eggs, corn pone and coffee beside the bed. "When you'se frin' set de servah on the flo' and finish yoh sleep, Gawge. Doan' wake tell I call yoh!" and she carelessly stirred cane sugar into the large mug of steaming coffee. "It's just five; yoh can tak' a good two hours moh."

George looked up at her wistfully; her care was sweet, but his conscience yearned to be at peace and his great eyes had some vague appeal that made Mam Jule pause.

"Doan' yoh mammy cosie yoh nice?" she said gently. "You'se otter be a right good boy, Gawge."

"Yes, mammy," he assented. "'F yoh had yoh say, so I would." She kissed his cheek quickly. "Eat yoh pone and aigs and drink yoh mug full, 'foh it's cold," she said hurriedly. "I'se be back 'foh seven, sho!" and with sudden restless twitchings of her mouth she walked quickly from the cabin.

Far along the road rose Boss Peter's neat cottage, pretty with vines and flowers. Mam Jule shook her fist at it. "I'se beat yoh, yoh yellow devil!" she said hoarsely. "Mam Jule's done fo's it all out how to cook yoh goose, t'ank de good Lawd!"

The bustle of the wedding was at its height. The fair young bride stood in her dressing-room with Mam Jule on one side and Boss Peter's wife on the other.

"Oh, my angel!" said Mam Jule serious'y. "You'se gwine get mah'ed dis day. You'se gwine promise a lot, beauty. Dar's a heap ob mah'age promises gote broke dese days."

Boss Peter's wife paused as she tied a knot of ribbon, and met the elder woman's impenetrable face with a short, sudden, suspicious glance.

"Ain' dat so?" continued Mam Jule, nodding at her. "Dis angel doan' know de shame and de wickedness some folks can do, but yoh an' me—we know—doan' we?"

Boss Peter's wife regarded the sphynx-like negress with trembling lips and dilated eyes.

"Tak' cah, Miss Peter," said Mam Jule, reprovingly. "You'se fasten dat love knot squint-eyed—doan' you see?" and the great hand rested a moment on the slim, shaking fingers of the quadroon. "I 'clar, Missie Lovie, Miss Peter's dat nervy she kyant hol' der pins. Lemme."

Boss Peter's wife laughed uneasily.

"You'se fill our heads wiv bad fo'ts foh Missie's wedding," she said unsteadily. "Now you'se done, Missie Celie. An' every box is packed, an' yere's de keys. Will you mind de keys, Mam Jule?"

Mam Jule slipped them into her capacious pocket without a word. The bride, after shaking hands with Boss Peter's wife and hugging her foster mother with a murmured "*I* will be true, Mammy, dear!" sailed from the room and left the two women together.

"Would yoh min' if I was ter run down de road to my house a lil minute, Mam Jule?" asked the pretty quadroon as soon as the door closed.

"No, sho'ly," said Mam Jule carelessly. "You'se done yoh packin', yoh kin go foh good if yoh please."

"Doan fohget I'se giv yoh de keys," said Boss Peter's wife, over her shoulder, as she hurried off.

"I'se not fohget; dey's safe," retorted Mam Jule, jingling her pocket. "Go on home."

The moment Boss Peter's wife was out of sight, Mam Jule began tearing off her clothes; jacket, apron, skirts and turban were flung behind a divan and the portly negress struggled into a loose pair of trowsers and a dark blue shirt and placed upon her head a sloucby hat, ordinarily worn by her son. Catching sight of herself in the pier-glass, a look of horror overspread her countenance, quickly followed by a broad grin. "Good foh yoh: it's a dark night, Mam Jule," she chuckled, turning down the lights and hastily quitting the room. She had scarcely time to stride through the side door and hide herself beyond the little gate, when a slim figure came flitting along under the trees; in the dim light it showed the falling shoulders and slim waist of Boss Peter's wife. "Sh-h-h," hissed Mam Jule, as she drew near.

"Anyone round? Mam Jule doan' suspect us! She spoke mighty queer jess now, Gawge. Der's yer lil bag. Now hot foot foh de cahs I'se be dar in half an hour."

Mam Jule needed no hastener, but fled down the long path without a word, holding tightly the "lil bag" until she reached her cabin. Softly she raised the latch and entered, listening intently, until a deep, even breathing met her ear, then in the darkness she groped her way to the chimney, lifted out the loose brick and placed the "lil bag" behind it. Hurriedly in the dark she stripped off the uncomfortable garments of her son, taking long breaths of content as button after button flew apart and released her constrained bulk. Softly she stole to where her clothes lay ready for her by her bedside, and in ten minutes a sober, breathless triumphant Mam Jule locked her cabin door and took her way to the great house. Once again she turned to where Boss Peter's windows blazed merrily with lavid illumination.

"I'se ahead, yoh yellow devil," she said grimly. "Hot foot foh de cahs now. You'se mighty clever gal! No time ter lose, for by de good Lawd you ain't froo yet."

As she spoke Boss Peter came hurrying up the road.

"Goin' to de great house!" asked Mam Jule merrily. "Greatest doin's I ever see."

"Damn de doin's," growled Boss Peter hoarsely.

Mam Jule's eyes sparkled in the darkness.

"*Guess he done read my note*," she chuckled.

"Pears lak der's blood on de moon in dat nigger's eye!"

She turned back to her cabin.

"I stays Souf," she said solemnly. "Missie Celie got her husban', Gawge ain'd got no one but Mammy Jule to cosie him! Foh de good Lawd, who help me get ahead ob dis devilment, I stays Souf. How dat boy sleeps! Well, he mos' lak rar and tar a lil, but dat old brack doctor's sleepin' drat' sabe him f'om a peck ob trubbles, and his mammy sabe him f'om a stack moh!"

Just before the bride and groom stepped into their traveling carriage after the ball and the supper were done, Mam Jule came to them and spoke a few words. The bride's eyes filled with tears, but the young husband smiled on the serious old negress.

"You can trust me, Mam Jule. I'll keep her as safe as even you could have done, until I see you in the fall. What's this?"

Mam Jule's voice was trembling with an excitement which no one understood as she murmured: "Dese is Missie Celie's keys, massa, and *in dis lil bag is her di'monds*."

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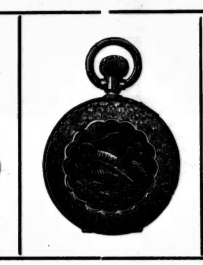

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Greeley and Poe.

Horace Greeley, in his Recollections of a Busy Life, tells the following story:

"A gushing youth once wrote to this effect:

'DEAR SIR,—Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly, ———.'

"I promptly responded as follows:

'DEAR SIR,—Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. It is a note of hand for fifty dollars, with my endorsement across the back. It cost me exactly fifty dollars seventy-five cents, including protest, and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully,

'HORACE GREELEY.'

That autograph, I regret to say, remains in my hands, and it is still for sale at the original price."—*Life.*

Fashion Notes.

THOSE women with little means find it necessary sometimes to convert an afternoon toilet into something fit for a dinner or evening party. For this purpose there is, first of all, the loose jabot of crape and lace, in any hue to suit the complexion, the lower part serving as a foundation for the fluffy fall of lace which conceals most effectually the whole front of the bodice. There is no end to these lace and *chiffon* arrangements. In addition to many falls of deep guipure and fancy bibs, there are vests and chemisettes of transparent silk tissues. There are big, fluffy masses of lace and ribbon, butterflies of silk-edged *chiffon*, collarettes of embroidered net, tiny fichus and simple jabots, which add a dainty bit of something feminine to the plain suit. White and black guipure jackets, seeded with pearl or jet, are worn for variety's sake, and these have round or square fronts, are rather short, seldom reaching to the waist line, and are sleeveless.

*

A stylish and becoming dress of *faille Française* has a bell skirt with narrow bias ruffles, with a binding at the hem, a close-fitting body with full-topped sleeves and a very deep flounce of lace falling from the edge of the basque over the skirt. This lace, which is quite full at the back and front and scant at the sides, covers two-thirds of the distance from waist-line to ruffles. The neck is finished with ruffles of lace, and a deep cape bertha falls over the sleeves. This is a model which has been very much admired, and is given as a type of styles for the season.

*

For some years past more black hose have been worn than any other sort, but this season there are evidences of the change which always comes after a certain length of time, and solid colors are more in demand than for many seasons past. The special fancy of the year seems to be hose in a deep cardinal. They are exquisitely soft and fine, and shown either in entirely plain weave, or with clocking, lengthwise ribs, or tiny embroidered figures. The novelty in colored goods is Bedford cord hosiery, the surface being an exact imitation of the dress goods of that name. There are also new weaves which have a *crepey* suggestion, and others in little wavelets, like crinkled goods. There are some very pretty importations which are called Easter hose. They are in stripes of light colors and white, and are specially appropriate for wear with the light-colored dresses which are to be a feature of the spring styles. Novelty hose which are very long and wide at the tops are in most elaborate fancy weaves. They are in delicate lace-like patterns, and promise to be quite popular. The fashion of wearing tights, which has within the last few years gained ground among fashionable women, has suggested the need for something which would answer a similar purpose, and yet be less expensive. These very long hose are therefore brought out for such cases. They are managed in several ways; short, very wide straps connect them with the belt or corset, or they are held up by shoulder straps. Shoulder brace straps are very convenient, and are much better liked by many ladies than the belt strap. The latter are said to drag too heavily about the waist, whereas, in the other style, all the pull comes from the shoulder. The straps are worn under the corset, and may have one very wide elastic exactly at the side, or three of graduated lengths. These long hose are shown in plain as well as fancy qualities, the plainer ones being not very much more expensive than the handsomest stockings of ordinary length. In silk hosiery there are some exquisite novelties. Pure silk goods are the rule. The plaited and spun qualities, not having proven especially satisfactory, are less in demand, and some houses do not bring them out at all. In fine and heavy grades all silk hose are every year coming into more general use. They are somewhat expensive, to be sure, but for dress and other uses than pedestrian excursions, they are luxurious and very comfortable. Black silk hose are imported in qualities almost as fine as gauze. They are long and perfect-fitting, and are among the attractive novelties in this branch of trade. Plain hose with side stripes in clocking, the entire fronts and tops in open-work of various sorts, and also with decoration of very small embroidered figures and dots, are among the novelties. There is the usual assortment of parti-colored goods, which embraces every conceivable combination of color, and also the very popular dark feet and ankles with contrasting tops. This last is one of the most popular styles ever put upon the market, and the enormous demand for the past few seasons has proven its becomingness and the appreciation of the artistic combinations and arrangement of colors in these goods. While the tariff question has raised the price of some qualities of imported hose, there are yet an abundance of medium grade, perfect-fitting, handsome styles in the market, at prices within reach of almost everybody. Misses' and children's hose are quite as perfect in quality and style as those for adults, and while—as mothers of large families know to their sorrow—the hose for the youngsters are a very costly item in the outfit, there seems to be no help for it; and, really, when one takes everything into consideration, the prices are not out of proportion, after all.

*

A charming house dress is cut with a very long train forming into two points. The entire dress is trimmed with a silk cord passementerie edged with little balls. The waist consists of a well-fitting blouse of navy blue *poult de soie*, with full sleeves, and the skirt with the side ornamentation; and a bodice, which somewhat resembles an apron bodice, which partly covers the silk blouse in the front, is made of light tan cheviot with a mottled effect in the weave of blue and red threads.

*

Silks are indeed coming into favor, and fancy silks will once more reign as they did twenty years ago. The head of the silk department of one of the leading houses of New York, lately remarked that he could not remember for years when his house had provided so large and select a stock of fancy silks. The long experience of the merchants who rule the great dry goods houses of the country, seems to lead them instinctively to know what will be most acceptable to the feminine taste as each season rolls around, and in this item of the coming popularity of fancy silks they have made no mistake. A distinctive novelty of the new silks is the chameleon or changing effect. A twilled ground will supersede the plain, since it is newer and richer. An exquisite example of these changants is a faint rose when you look at it one way, and a pale lavender in another light. It has a delicate pattern of white blossoms running all over it, and its shimmering beauty reminds one of a flowered lattice in the glimmering moonlight. Another feature of these novelties is a satin stripe, more or less wide, alternating with a plain one, and the whole sprinkled over with blue flowers. Stripe moire antiques are the greatest favorite for evening wear. They are usually in light colors. The moire effects are delicate, unlike bolder watered silks of former years. The stripes are of one or more colors, forming rainbow effects. New Japanese silks, just imported, are twenty-seven inches wide, and some in blue, black and brown, with small white figures. The leading seems to be towards the small figures, either floral or geometrical, for the coming season in all dress goods.

LA MODE.

Real Estate Item.

She—Do you think Penelope will be able to land the Baron?

He—It depends upon how much land it will take.

A Comforting Circumstance.

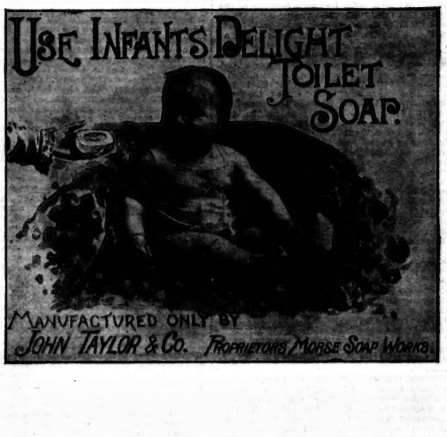
"I'll fine you ten dollars for drunk and disorderly," said the judge.

"Arrah," remarked the prisoner to the bailiff, "Ol'm ahead anyhow. If he had known me contimpt av court, he'd av folned me fur that, too."

Too Late to Recall.

Mrs. Gramercy—As you wished to see him on business, I'm very sorry my husband's out of town and not likely to return for a few months.

Mrs. Malaprop—It's provoking, of course, but I suppose I shouldn't allow myself to feel disappointed. You would be surprised to know how many persons are away from home just now, taking the gold cure.



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Teacher—Who was the strongest man?

Tommy (who lives in "de Ate")—I recken Sampson was the strongest in a fight; but I'll bet Ananias was the strongest with his party.

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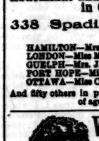

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CHAPTER I.

It would be difficult to find a fairer scene. Throughout the gardens, lanterns of many shapes and devices threw their light down upon the paths, which were marked out by rows of little lamps suspended on wires a foot above the ground. In a treble row they encircled a large tank or pond and studded a little island in its center. Along the terraces were festoons and arches of innumerable lamps, while behind was the Palace or Castle, for it was called either, the Oriental doors and windows, and the tracery of its walls lit up below by the soft light, while the outline of the upper part could scarce be made out. Tasters as the scene was, the actors were for the most part English. Although the crowd that promenaded the terrace was composed principally of men, of whom the majority were in uniform of one sort or another, the rest in evening dress, there were many ladies among them.

At the end of one of the terraces a band of the 103rd Bengal Infantry was playing, and when they ceased a band of native musicians, at the opposite end of the terrace, took up the strains. Within, the palace was brilliantly lighted, and at the tables in one of the large apartments a few couples were seated at supper. Among his guests moved the Rajah, chatting in fluent English, laughing with the men, paying compliments to the ladies, a thoroughly good fellow all around as his guests agreed. The affair had been a great success. There had first been a banquet to the officers and civilians at the neighboring station. When this was over the ladies began to arrive and for their amusement there had been a native nautch upon a grand scale, followed by a fine display of fireworks, and then by supper, at which the Rajah had made a speech expressive of his deep admiration and affection for the British. This he had followed up by proposing the health of the ladies in flowery terms.

Never was there a better fellow than the Rajah. He had English tastes and often dined at one or other of the officers' messes. He was a good shot and could fairly hold his own at billiards. He had first-rate English horses in his stables and his turnout was perfect in all respects. He kept a few horses for the races and was present at every ball and entertainment. At Bithoor he kept almost open house. There was a billiard-room and racquet courts, and once or twice a week there were luncheon parties at which from twelve to twenty officers were generally present. In all India there was no Rajah with more pronounced English tastes or greater affection for English people. The one regret of his life, he often declared, was that his color and his religion prevented his entertaining the hope of obtaining an English wife. All this, as everyone said, was the more remarkable and praiseworthy inasmuch as he had good grounds of complaint against the British Government.

With the ladies he was an especial favorite; he was always ready to show them courtesy. His carriages were at their service. He was ready to give his aid and assistance to every gathering. His private band played frequently on the promenade, and handsome presents of shawls and jewelry were distributed among those whom he held in highest favor. At present he was talking to General Wheeler and some other officers.

"I warn you that I mean to win the cup at the races," he said. "I have just bought the horse who swept the board at Allahabad side, and as I have set my heart on winning the cup, I have secured it. I am ready to back it if any of you gentlemen are disposed to wager against it.

"All in good time, Rajah," one of the officers laughed; "we don't know what will be entered against it yet and we mean to have a share in the betting is, but I doubt whether we have anything that will beat the Bombay crack on this side; I fancy you will have a walk over."

"We shall see," the Rajah said. "I have always been unlucky but I mean to win this time."

"I don't think you take your losses much to heart, Rajah," General Wheeler said, "yet there is no doubt that your bets are generally somewhat rash ones."

"I mean to make a *coup* this time. That is your word for a big thing I think! The Government has treated me badly I mean to try to take something out of the pockets of its officers."

"You do pretty well still," the general laughed. "After this splendid entertainment you have given us this evening you can hardly call yourself a poor man."

"I know I am rich. I have enough for my little pleasures, I do not know that I could wish for more, still no one is ever quite content."

By this time the party was breaking up, and for the next half hour the Rajah was occupied in bidding good-bye to his guests. At the last had gone he turned and entered the palace, passed through the great halls, and pushing aside a curtain entered a small room. The walls and the columns were of white marble, inlaid with Arabesque work of colored stones. Four golden lamps hung from the ceiling, the floor was covered with costly rugs, and at one end ran a platform a foot above the rest, piled with soft cushions. He took a turn or two up and down the room, and then struck a silver bell. An attendant entered. "Send Khooshea and Imambux here." Two minutes later the men entered. Imambux commanded the Rajah's troops, while Khooshea was the master of his household.

"All has come off well," the Rajah said. "I am satisfied with you, Khooshea. I see more at most and we shall have done with them. Little do they think what their good friend Nana Sahib is preparing for them. I love that high spirited creature they think me to kiss the hand that robbed me, to be friends with those who have deprived me of my inheritance. But the day of reckoning is not far off, and then woe to them all. Have any of your messengers returned, Imambux?"

"Several have come in this evening, my lord. Would you see them now or wait till morning?"

"I will see them now, I will get the memory of these chattering men and these women with their bare shoulders out of my mind.

"Send the men in one by one. I have no further occasion for you to-night, I am better than three when men talk of matters upon which an empire depends."

The two officers bowed and retired, and shortly afterwards the attendant drew back the curtain again, and a native, in the rags of a mendicant, entered, and bowed till his forehead touched the carpet. The Rajah remained kneeling with his arms crossed over his chest, and his head inclined in an attitude of the lowest humility.

"Where have you been?" the Rajah asked.

"My lord's slave has been for three weeks at Meerut. I have obeyed orders. I have distributed chupattes among the native regiments, with the words, 'watch, the time is coming,' and have then gone before I could be questioned. Then, in another disguise, I have gone through the bazaar, and said in talk with many that the Sepoys were unclean and outcast, for that they had bitten cartridges annointed with pig's fat, and that the Government had purposely greased the cartridges with this fat in order that the caste of all the Sepoys should be destroyed. When I had set men talking about this I left; it will be sure to come to the Sepoys' ears."

The Rajah nodded—"Come again to-morrow at noon, you will have your reward then and further orders. But see that you keep silence; a single word, and though you hid in the farthest corner of India you would not escape my vengeance."

Man after man entered; some of them like the first were in mendicants' attire, one or two were fakirs, one looked like a well to-do merchant. With the exception of the last, all had a similar tale to tell; they had been visiting the various cantonments of the native army, everywhere distributing chupattes and whispering tales of the intention of the Government to destroy the caste of the Sepoys by greasing the cartridges with pig's fat. The man dressed like a trader was the last to enter.

"How goes it, Nilkhooma?"

"It is well, my lord. I have traversed all the districts where we dwelt of old, before the Feringhee stamped us out, and sent scores to death, and hundreds to prison. Most of the latter whom death has spared are free now, and with many of them have I talked. They are broken by the years they have spent in the road again, but scarce one but has trained up his son or grandson to the work; not to practice it, in the hand of the white man too heavy before, and the gains are not large enough to tempt men to run the risk, but they teach them for the love of the old. To a number of the goddess, there is a joy in a cleverly contrived plan, and in casting the roomal round the neck of the victim, that can never die. Often in my young days, when perhaps twelve of us were on the road in a party, we made less than we could have done by labor, but none thought of it.

"We were sworn brothers, we were working for Kalli, and so that we sent her victims we cared little, and even after fifteen or twenty years spent in the Feringhee's prisons, we love it still; none hate the white man as we do; has he not destroyed our profession? We have two things to work for, first, for vengeance, second, for the certainty that if the white man's raj were at an end, once again would the brotherhood follow their profession and reap booty for ourselves, and victims for Kalli, for assuredly no native prince would dare to meddle with us. Therefore, upon every man who was once a Thug, and upon his sons and grandsons you may depend. I do not say that they would be useful for fighting, for we have never been fighters, but the stranglers will be of use. You can trust them with missions, and send them where you choose. From their father's lips they have learnt all about places and roads; they can decoy Feringhee travelers, the company's servants or soldiers, into quiet places and slay them. They can creep into compounds and into houses, and choose their victims from the sleepers. You can trust them, Rajah, for they have learned to hate, and each in his way will, when the time comes, add to our men to rise. The past had almost become a dream, but I have roused it into life again, and upon the stranglers throughout India you can count surely.

"You have not mentioned my name!" the Rajah said suddenly, looking closely at the man as he put the question.

"Assuredly not, your highness; I have simply said deliverance is at hand, the hour foretold for the end of the raj of the man who beyond the sea will soon strike, and they will disappear from the land like fallen leaves; then will the glory of Kalli return, then again will the brotherhood take to the road, and gather in victims. I can promise that every one of those whose fathers or grandfathers or other kin died by the hand of the Feringhee, or suffered in his prisons, will do his share of the good work, and be ready to obey to the death the orders which will reach him."

"It is good," the Rajah said; "you and your brethren will have a rich harvest of victims, and the sacred cord need never be idle. Go, it is well nigh morning, and I would sleep."

But not for some time did the Rajah close his eyes; his brain was busy with the schemes which he had long been maturing, but was only now beginning to put into action.

"It must succeed," he said to himself; "all through India the people will take up arms when the Sepoys give the signal by rising against their officers. The whites are wholly unsuspicious, they even believe that I, I whom they have robbed, am their friend. Fools! I hold them in the hollow of my hand; they shall trust me to the last, and then I will crush them. Not one shall escape me; would I were as certain of all the other stations in India as I am of this. Dude, I know, will rise as one man; the princes of Delhi I have sounded, they will be the leaders, though the old King will be the nominal head; but I shall pull the strings, and when all is over I shall be an independent sovereign, and next in dignity to the Emperor. Only nothing must be done until all is ready, not a movement must be made until I feel sure that every native regiment from Calcutta to the north is ready to rise."

And so until the day had fully broken, the Rajah of Bithoor thought; he was a strange man who had a few hours before so sumptuously entertained the military and civilians of Cawnpore, and the man who was universally regarded as the firm friend of the British, and one of the best fellows going.

The days and weeks passed on, messengers came and went, the mutiny was slowly brewing and yet to all men it seemed that India was never more contented nor the outlook more tranquil and assured.

CHAPTER II.

A young man in a suit of brown karkee, with a white puggaree wound round his pith helmet, was lounging in front of his bungalow at Deennugghur, some forty miles from Cawnpore, when two others came up.

"Which way are you going to ride, Bathurst?"

"I am going out to Narkeet, there is a dispute among the villagers as to the Talookdar, as to their limits. I have got to look into the case. Why do you ask, Mr. Hunter?"

"I thought that you might be going that way. You know we have had several reports of ravages by a man-eater whose head-quarters seem to be that big jungle you pass through on your way to Narkeet. He has been paying visits to several villages in its neighborhood, and has carried off two mail runners. I should advise you to keep a sharp look out."

"Yes, I have heard plenty about him; it is unfortunate we have no one at this station who goes in for tiger hunting. Young Hloxam is coming down to shoot at night; he is full of talk about it, but, as he knows nothing about shooting and has never fired off a rifle in his life, I imagine the military tiger will be safe until he has madness to think of it by himself, and that he had better ride down to the regiment at Cawnpore and get them to make up a party to come up to hunt the beast. I told him that he need not bring elephants with them; I could get as many as were necessary from some of the Talookdars, and there will be no want of beaters. He said he would write at once, but he doubted whether any of them would be able to get away at present, the general inspection is just coming on. However, no doubt they will be able to before long."

"Well, if I were you, I would put a pair of pistols into my holster, Bathurst; it would be awfully awkward if you came across the beast."

"I never carry firearms," the young man said, shortly; and then, more lightly, "I am a peaceful man by profession, as you are, Mr. Hunter, and I leave firearms to those whose profession it is to use them. I have certainly never met yet with an occasion when I needed them, and am not likely to do so. I always carry this heavy hunting whip, which I find useful sometimes, when the village dogs rush out and pretend that they are going to attack me, and I fancy that even an Oude swordsman would think twice before attacking me when I had it in hand. But of course there is no fear about the tiger. I generally ride pretty fast, and even if he were lying by the roadside waiting for a meal I don't think he would be likely to interfere with me." So saying, he lightly touched the horse's flanks with his spurs and cantered off.

"He is a fine young fellow, Garnet," Mr. Hunter said to his companion; "full of energy, and they say the very best linguist in Oude.

"Yes, he is all that," the other agreed; "but he is a sort of fellow one does not quite understand. I like a man who is like other fellows; Bathurst isn't. He doesn't shoot, he doesn't ride—I mean he don't care for pig-sticking, he thinks goose is for any fun there may be on hand; he just works, nothing else; he does not seem to mix with other people; he is the sort of fellow one would say had got some sort of secret connected with him."

"If he has, I am certain it is nothing to his personal disadvantage," Mr. Hunter said warmly. "I have known him for the last six years—I won't say very well, for I don't think anyone does that, except, perhaps, Dr. Wade. When there was a wing of the regiment up here, three years ago, he and Bathurst took to each other very much—perhaps because they were both different from other people. But, anyhow, from what I know of Bathurst, I believe him to be a very fine character, though there is certainly an amount of reserve about him altogether unusual. At any rate, the service is a gainer by it. I never knew a fellow work so indefatigably, he will take a very high place in the service before he has done."

"I am not so sure of that," the other said. "He is a man with opinions of his own, and all sorts of crotchets and fads. He has been in hot water with the chief commissioner more than once. When I was over at Lucknow last I was chatting with two or three men, and his name happened to crop up, and one of them said: 'Bathurst is a sort of knight errant, an official Don Quixote. Perhaps the best officer in the province in some respects, but hopelessly impracticable.'"

"Yes, that I can quite understand, Garnet. That sort of man is never popular with the higher official, whose likings go to the man who does neither too much nor too little, who does his work without making fuss, and never thinks of making suggestions, and is a mere official machine. Men of Bathurst's type, who go to the bottom of things, protest against what they consider unfair decisions, and send in memorandums, showing that their superiors are hopelessly ignorant and idiotically wrong, are always cordially disliked. Still, they generally work their way to the front in the long run. Well, I must be off."

Bathurst rode to Narkeet without drawing rein. His horse at times slackened its pace on I a own accord, but an almost mechanical motion from its rider's heel soon started it off again at the rapid pace at which its rider ordinarily traveled. From the time he left Deennugghur to his arrival at Narkeet, no thought of the dreaded man-eater entered Bathurst's mind. He was deeply meditating on a memorandum he was about to draw up respecting a decision that had been arrived at in a case between a Talookdar in his district and the Government, and in which, as it appeared to him, a wholly erroneous and unjust view had been taken as to the merits of the case; and he only roused himself as the horse broke into a walk as it entered the village. A few of the villagers had heard his approach and salutations of respect came out to receive him. "My lord sahib has seen nothing of the tiger?" the headman said. "We have heard, we melted with fear, for the evil beast was heard roaring in the jungle not far from the road early this morning."

"I never gave it a thought, one way or the other," Bathurst said, as he dismounted. "I fancy the horse would have let me know if it had been anywhere near. See that he is rubbed up in the shed, and that he has food and water, and put a boy to keep the flies from worrying him. And now let us get to business. First of all I must go through the village records and documents; after that I will question four or five of the oldest inhabitants, and then I will go over the ground. I will first question turns, you know, upon whether the irrigation ditch mentioned in the Talookdar's grant is the one that runs across at the foot of the rising ground on his side or whether it is the one that sweeps round on this side of the grove with the little temple in it. Fortunately, most of the best land lies between those ditches."

Hours Bathurst listened to the statements of the old people of the village, cross-questioning them closely and sparing no efforts to sift the truth from their confused and often contradictory evidence. Then he spent two hours going over the ground and endeavoring to satisfy himself which of the two ditches was referred to in the village records. He and two days before taken equal pains in sifting the evidence on the other side.

"I think, my lord, I can assert there can be no doubt as to the justice of our claim," the head man said humbly, as he prepared to mount again.

"According to your point of view, there is no doubt about it, Childee, but then there is equally no doubt the other way according to the evidence adduced on the other side. But it is generally the way in all these land disputes. For good hard swearing your Hindoo cultivator can be more than a match for any man. Fortunately, there is nothing either in your grant or in your neighbors' that specifies unmistakably which of these ancient ditches is the one referred to. My present inquiry has not, I feel, is essentially a case for a compromise, but you know the final decision does not rest on me. I shall be out here again next week and I shall write to the Talookdar to meet me here, and we will go over the ground together again and see if we cannot arrange some little that will be fair to both parties. If we can do that the matter would be settled without expense and trouble, whereas if it goes up to Lucknow it may all have to be gone into again, and if the decision is given against you, and as far as I can see it is just as likely to be one way as another, it will be a serious thing for the village."

"We are in my lord's hands," the native said; "he is the protector of the poor and will do us justice."

"I will do you justice, Childee, but I must do justice to the other side too. Of course, neither of you will be satisfied, but that cannot be helped." His perfect knowledge of their language, the pains he took to sift all matters brought before him, and the patience with which he listened to their stories.

Bathurst himself, as he rode homewards, was still thinking of the case. Of course there had been lying on both sides, but to that he was accustomed. It was a question of importance—of greater importance, no doubt, to the villagers than to their opponent, but still important to him—for this tract of land was a valuable one, and of considerable extent, and there was really nothing in the documents produced on either side to show which ditch was intended by the original grant. Evidently at the time they were made, very many years before, one ditch or the other was not in existence, but there was no proof as to which was the more recent, although both sides professed that all traditions handed down to them asserted the ditch on their side to be the more recent.

He was riding along the road through the great jungle, at his horse's pace, which happened for the moment to be a gentle trot, when a piercing cry rang through the air a hundred yards ahead. Bathurst started from his reverie, pressed his horse; the animal shot ahead dashed forward at a gallop. At a turn in the road he saw twenty yards ahead of him a tiger, standing with a foot upon a prostrate figure, while a man stood in front of it gesticulating wildly. The tiger stood as if hesitating whether to strike down the figure in front or to content itself with that already in its power.

The wild shouts of the man had apparently drowned the sound of the horse's feet upon the soft road, for the animal drew back half a pace as it suddenly came into view.

The horse swerved at the sight, and reared high in the air as Bathurst drove his spurs into him. As its feet touched the ground again, Bathurst sprang off and rushed at the tiger and brought down the heavy lash of his whip with all his force across its head. With a fierce snarl it sprang back two paces, but again and again the whip descended upon it, and bewildered and amazed at the attack, it turned a-wiftly and sprang through the bushes.

Bathurst, knowing that there was no fear of its returning, turned from the figure in front of the road. It was, as in even the momentary glance he had noticed, a woman, or rather a girl of some fourteen or fifteen years of age; the man had dropped on his knees beside her, moaning and uttering incoherent words.

"I see no blood," Bathurst said, and stooping, lifted the light figure. "Her heart beats, man; I think she has only fainted. The tiger must have knocked her down in his spring, without striking her. So far as I can see she is unhurt." He carried her to the horse, which stood trembling a few yards away, took a flask from the holster, and poured a little brandy and water between her lips.

Presently there was a faint sigh. "She is coming round," he said to the man, who was still kneeling, looking on with vacant eyes, as though he had neither heard nor comprehended what Bathurst was doing. Presently the girl moved slightly and opened her eyes. At first there was no expression in them; then a vague wonder stole into them at the white face looking down upon her. She closed them again, and then reopened them, and then there was a slight struggle to free herself. He allowed her to slip through his arms until her feet touched the ground; then her eyes fell on the kneeling figure.

"Father!" she exclaimed. With a cry the man leaped to his feet, sprang to her and seized her in his arms, and poured out words of endearment. Then suddenly he released her and threw himself on the ground before Bathurst, with ejaculations of gratitude and thankfulness. "Get up, man, get up," the latter said; "your daughter can scarce stand alone, and the sooner we get away from this place the better; that savage beast is not likely to return, but he may do so; let us be off." He mounted his horse again, bowed to it up to the side of the girl, and then leaning over took her and swung her into the saddle in front of him. The man took up a large box that was lying in the road and hoisted it on to his shoulders and then, at a foot's pace, they proceeded on their way—Bathurst keeping a close watch on the jungle at the side on which the tiger had entered it.

"How came you to come along this road alone?" he asked the girl. "They only venture through in large parties because of this tiger."

"I am a stranger," the man answered. "I heard at the village where we kept last night that there was a tiger in this jungle, but I thought we should be through it before nightfall and therefore there was no danger. If one heeded all they say about tigers, one would never travel at all. I am a juggler and we are on our way down the country through Cawnpore and Allahabad. But I know from the valor of my lord Sahib, we should never have got there, for had I lost my Babda, the light of my heart, I would have gone no further, but should have waited for the tiger to take me also."

"There was no particular valor about it," Bathurst said shortly. "I saw the beast with his foot on your daughter, and dismounted to beat him off just as if he had been a dog, without thinking whether there was any danger in it or not. Men do it with savage beasts in menageries every day. They are cowardly brutes after all and can't stand the lash. He was taken altogether by surprise, too."

"My lord has saved my daughter's life, and mine is at his service henceforth," the man said. "The mouse is a small beast, but it may warn the lion. The white sahibs are brave and strong. Would one of my countrymen have ventured his life to attack a tiger, armed only

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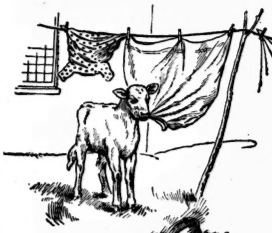

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
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with a whip, for the sake of the life of a poor wayfarer!"

"Yes, I think there are many who would have done so," Bathurst replied. "You do your countrymen injustice. There are plenty of brave men among them and I have heard before now of villagers armed only with sticks attacking a tiger who has carried off a victim from among them. You yourself were standing boldly before it when I came up."

"My child was under its feet—besides, I never thought of myself. If I had had a weapon, I should not have drawn it. I had no thought of the tiger. I only thought that my child was dead. She works with me, sahib, since her mother died, five years ago. We have traveled together over the country. She plays while I conjure. She takes round the basket for the money and she acts with me in the tricks that require two persons. It is she who disappears from the basket. We are everything to each other, sahib. But what is my lord's name? Will he tell his servant, that he and Rabda may think of him and talk of him as they tramp the roads together?"

"My name is Ralph Bathurst. I am district officer at Deennugghur. How far are you going this evening?"

"We shall sleep at the first village we come to, sahib; we have walked many hours to-day, and this box, though its contents are not weighty, is heavy to bear. We thought of going down to-morrow to Deennugghur, and showing our performances to the Sahib-logue there."

"Very well, but there is one thing—What is your name?"

"Rujub."

"Well, Rujub, if you go on to Deennugghur to-morrow, say nothing to anyone there about this affair with the tiger; it is nothing to talk about. I am not a shekani, but a hard-working official, and I don't want to be talked about."

"The sahib's wish shall be obeyed," the man said.

"You can come round to my bungalow and ask for me; I shall be glad to hear whether your daughter is any the worse for her scare. How do you feel, Rabda?"

"I feel like one in a dream, sahib. I saw a great yellow beast springing through the air and I cried out and I knew nothing more till I saw the sahib's face, and now I have heard him and my father talking, but their voices sound to me as if far away, though I know that you are holding me."

"You will be all the better after a night's rest, child; no wonder you feel strange and shaken. Another quarter of an hour and we shall be at the village. I suppose, Rujub, you were born a conjurer."

"Yes, sahib, it is always so; it goes down from father to son. As soon as I was able to walk I began to work with my father, and as I grew up he initiated me in the secrets of our craft, which we may never divulge."

"No, I know they are a mystery. Many of your tricks can be done by our conjurers at home, but there are some that have never been solved."

"I have been offered more than once large sums by English sahibs to tell them how some of the feats were done, but I could not; we are bound by terrible oaths and in no case has a juggler proved false to them. Were one to do so, he would be slain without mercy, and his fate in the next world would be terrible; for ever and for ever his soul would pass through the bodies of the foulest and lowest creatures and there would be no forgiveness for him. I would give my life for the sahib, but even to him I would not divulge our mysteries."

In a few minutes they came to the first village beyond the jungle. As they approached it, Bathurst checked his horse and lifted the girl down. She took his hand and pressed her forehead to it.

"I shall see you to-morrow, then, Rujub," he said, and shaking the reins went on at a canter.

"That is a new character for me to come out in," he said bitterly. "I do not know myself—I of all men. But there was no bravery in it, it never occurred to me to be afraid; I just thrashed him off as I should beat off a dog who was killing a lamb; there was no noise, and it is noise that frightens me; if the brute had roared I should assuredly have run, I know it would have been so. I could not have helped it to have saved my life. It is an awful curse that I am not as other men, and that I tremble and shake like a girl at the sound of firearms. It would have been better if I had been killed by the first shot fired in the Punjaub eight years ago, or if I had blown my brains out at the end of the day. Good heaven! what have I suffered since! But I will not think of it. Thank God I have got my work, and as long as I keep my thoughts on that there is no room for that other," and then by a great effort of will, Ralph Bathurst put the past behind him and concentrated his thoughts on the work on which he had been that day engaged.

The juggler did not arrive on the following evening as he had expected, but late in the afternoon a native boy brought in a message from him, saying that his daughter was too shaken and ill to travel, but that they would come when she recovered.

A week later, on returning from a long day's work, Bathurst was told that a juggler was in the veranda waiting to see him.

"I told him, sahib," the servant said, "that you cared not for such entertainments, and that he had better go elsewhere, but he insisted that you yourself had told him to come, and so I let him wait."

"Has he a girl with him, Jafur?"

"Yes, sahib." Bathurst strolled round to the other side of the bungalow, where Rujub was sitting patiently with Rabda wrapped in her blue cloth beside him. They rose to their feet.

"I am glad to see your daughter is better again, Rujub."

"She is better, sahib; she has had fever, but is restored."

"I cannot see your juggling to-night, Rujub. I have had a heavy day's work, and am worn out and have still work to do. You had better go round to some of the other bungalows, though I don't think you will do much this evening, for there is a dinner party at the Collector's and almost every one will be there. My servants will give you food, and I shall be off at seven o'clock in the morning, but shall be glad to see you before I start. Are you in want of money?" and he put his hand in his pocket.

"No, sahib," the juggler said. "We have money sufficient for all our wants; we are not thinking of performing to-night, for Rabda is not equal to it. Before sunrise we shall be on our way again; I must be at Cawnpore, and we have delayed too long already. Could you give us but half an hour to-night, sahib? We will come at any hour you like. I would show you things that few Englishmen have seen. Not mere common tricks, sahib, but mysteries such as are known to few even of us. Do not say no, sahib."

"Well, if you wish it, Rujub, I will give you half an hour," and Bathurst looked at his watch. "It is seven now and I have to dine. I have work to do that will take me three hours at least, but at eleven I shall have finished. You will see a light in my room; come straight to the open window."

"We will be there, sahib," and with a salaam the juggler walked off, followed by his daughter.

A few minutes before the appointed time, Bathurst threw down his pen with a little sigh of satisfaction. The memo. he had just finished was a most conclusive one, it seemed to him unanswerable, and that the department would have trouble in disputing his facts and figures. He had not since he sat down to his work given another thought to the juggler, and he almost started as a figure appeared on the veranda at the open window. "Is, Rujub, is it you? I have just finished my work. Come in. Is Rabda with you?"

"She will remain outside until I want her," the juggler said, as he entered and squatted himself on the floor. "I am not going to juggle, sahib. With us there are two sorts of feats; those that are performed by slaight of hand, or by means of assistance. These are the juggler's tricks we show in the verandas and compounds of the white sahibs, and in the streets of the cities. There are others that are known only to the higher order among us, that we show only on rare occasions. They have come to us from the oldest times, and it is said they were brought by wise men from Egypt, but that I know not."

"I have always been interested in juggling, and have seen many things that I cannot understand," Bathurst said. "I have seen the basket trick done on the road in front of the veranda, as well as in other places, and I can not in any way account for it." The juggler took from his basket a piece of wood about two feet in length and some four inches in diameter.

"You see this?" he said.

Bathurst took it in his hand. "It looks like a bit sawn off a telegraph pole," he said.

"Will you examine it, sahib?"

The night was very dark, but the lamp on the table threw its light through the window on to the drive in front of the veranda. Rujub took with him a piece of wood about nine inches square, with a soft rad on the top. He went out in the drive and placed the piece of pole upright, and laid the wood with the cushion on the top.

"Now, will you stand in the veranda a while?"

Bathurst stood back by the side of the window so as not to interfere with the passage of the light. Rabda stole forward and sat down upon the cushion. "Now watch, sahib," Bathurst looked, and saw the block of wood apparently growing. Gradually it rose until Rabda passed up beyond the light in the room.

"You may come out," the juggler said, "but do not touch the pole. If you do it will cause a fall, which would be fatal to my child."

Bathurst stepped out and looked up. He could but just make out the figure of Rabda, seemingly already higher than the top of the bungalow. Gradually it became more and more indistinct.

"You are there, Rabda?" her father said.

"I am here, father!" and the voice seemed to come from a considerable distance.

Again and again the question was asked, and the answer became fainter and fainter, although it sounded as if it was a distant cry in response to Rujub's shout rather than spoken in an ordinary voice.

At last no response was heard.

"Now it shall descend," the juggler said.

Two or three minutes passed, and then Bathurst, who was staring up into the darkness, could make out the end of the pole with the seat upon it, but Rabda was no longer there. Rapidly it sank, until it stood its original height on the ground.

"Where is Rabda?" Bathurst exclaimed.

"She is here, my lord," and as he spoke Rabda rose from a sitting position on the balcony close to Bathurst.

"It is marvelous," the latter exclaimed. "I have heard of that feat before, but have never seen it. May I take up that piece of wood?"

"Assuredly, sahib."

Bathurst took it up and carried it to the light. It was undoubtedly, as he had before supposed, a piece of solid wood. The juggler had not touched it, or he would have supposed he might have substituted for the piece he first examined a sort of telescope of thin sheets of steel, but even that would not have accounted for Rabda's disappearance.

"I will show you one other feat, my lord." He took a brass dish, placed a few pieces of wood and charcoal in it, struck a match, and set the wood on fire, and then fanned it until the wood had burnt out and the charcoal was in a glow; then he sprinkled some powder upon it and a dense white smoke rose.

"Now turn out the lamp, sahib."

Bathurst did so. The glow of the charcoal enabled him still to see the light smoke; this seemed to him to become clearer and clearer.

"Now for the past," Rujub said. The smoke grew brighter and brighter and mixed with flashes of color; presently Bathurst saw clearly an Indian scene; a village stood on a crest, jets of smoke darted up from between the houses, and then a line of troops in scarlet uniform advanced against the village, firing as they went. They paused for a moment, and then with a rush went at the village and disappeared in the smoke over the crest.

"Good heavens," Bathurst muttered; "it is the battle of Chillianwalla."

"The battle," Rujub said, and the colors on the smoke changed. Bathurst saw a wall surrounding a courtyard; on one side was a house. It had evidently been besieged, for in the upper part were many ragged holes, and two of the windows were knocked into one. On the roof were men firing, and there were one or two women among them. He could see their faces and features distinctly. In the courtyard wall there was a gap, and through this a crowd of Sepoys were making their way, while a handful of whites were defending a breastwork. Among them he recognized his own figure; he saw himself club his rifle and leap down into the middle of the Sepoys, fighting furiously there; the colors faded away and the room was in darkness again. There was the crack of a match, and then Rujub said quietly, "If you will lift off the globe again, I will light the lamp, sahib." Bathurst almost mechanically did as he was told.

"Well, sahib, what do you think of the pictures?"

"The first was true," Bathurst said quietly, "though now you know I was with the regiment that stormed the village of Chillianwalla, I know not. The second is certainly not true."

"You can never know what the future will be, sahib," the juggler said gravely.

"That is so," Bathurst said, "but I know enough of myself to say that it cannot be true. I do not say that the Sepoys can never be fighting against whites, improbable as it seems, but that I was doing what that figure did is, I know, impossible."

"Time will show, sahib," the juggler said; "the pictures never lie. Shall I show you other things?"

"No, Rujub, you have shown me enough; you astound me. I want to see no more to-night."

"Then farewell, sahib. We shall meet again, I doubt not, and mayhap I may be able to repay the debt I owe you," and Rujub, lifting his basket, went out through the window without another word.

(To be Continued.)

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Dr. J. J. McWilliams, Denison, Ia., says: "I have used it largely in nervousness and dyspepsia, and I consider that it stands unrivalled as a remedy in cases of this kind. I have also used it in cases of sleeplessness, with very gratifying results."

Keeping it Up.

Helen Hyler—You can't go, now, and leave me with this blazing open fire! I shall have to sit here alone until it burns out.

Jack Lever—All right, I'll stay a little longer. (After a pause.) Ah, Miss Hyler! don't you think I'd better put another log on?

A Big Trouble.

The great sciatic nerve, when disturbed, can give more pain than any nerve of the human body. Fortunately it is easily subdued by the right remedy at the right time. On this subject Mr. William Blagden of Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire, Eng., writes: "I was a sufferer from sciatica for two years. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me when all other remedies had failed."

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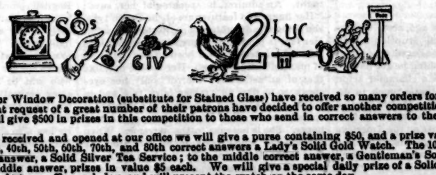

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For the first correct answer received and opened at our office we will give a purse containing $50, and a prize valued at $15 to the next ten correct answers; to the 20th, 30th, 40th, 50th, 60th, 70th, and 80th correct answers a Lady's Solid Gold Watch. The 100th correct answer an Oak Bedroom Set; to the last correct answer, a Solid Silver Tea Service; to the middle correct answer, a Gentleman's Solid Gold Watch; and to 25 correct answers preceding the middle answer, prizes in value $5 each. We will give a special daily prize of a Solid Gold Watch for the first correct answer received and opened at our office each day, and will present the watch on the same day.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Drama.

THE excellent audiences which greeted Rosina Vokes last week, are evidence of the fact that a portion of the theater-going public at least, enjoy trifles if artistically presented. Rosina Vokes' plays are farcical, but never uproarious; humorous, but not unduly hilarious; pathetic, but never tragic. You do not have your feelings lacerated, nor is your laughter apt to be so robust as to make you uncomfortable. And though dramatic trifles are the medium, the performance of Rosina Vokes and her company is a genuine feast of good acting. An attempt to define the qualities which make the star herself so popular, is somewhat difficult. The usual generalities about her being jolly, and so forth, do not convey to the minority of readers who have not seen her an adequate idea of her personality. Perhaps the keynote of her success on the stage is found in her wholesomeness. Her fun is natural and unforced and seems to bubble up from the very well-springs of mirth, but this does not deter her from handling graver scenes in a dignified and impressive manner. Perhaps the little *role* of Barbara in Jerome's pretty comedy of that name, gave Miss Vokes a better opportunity to display her acting abilities than is afforded by any other part in her repertoire. Not that it calls for her "peculiar talents," as the phrase goes, for these are for some reason or other generally associated with a funny little song and a graceful little dance, but a chance to alternate between humor and pathos in a most delightful manner. Barbara's story is a pathetic enough one. She has been picked up in a ship-wreck when a little child and has knocked around the world a bit. When the play opens she is living with a pretty friend and fellow-seamstress named Lily, and the pair are like sisters. The jolly Barbara is busy patching up a love affair between Lily and a handsome young fellow, Ernest Norton, when who should turn up but a north country doctor with tidings that Ernest had fallen heir to a fortune. The money had been left to a sister of Ernest's by this relative, but it was found that the sister had been reported dead as a child, and the executors proceeded with some difficulty to hunt up Ernest. Barbara has abundant proof that she, herself, is the drowned sister and the rightful possessor of the money. But she thinks of what happiness it will mean for her friend Lily and for Ernest, and sacrifices the fortune. Rosina Vokes' impersonation of Barbara shows how much an actress with a sympathetic personality may make of a part. When the Scott-Siddons company was here and down in its luck, Miss Flora Clitherow, now of the Vokes company, by the way, played the *role* with much sincerity and sweetness, 'tis true, but without the smack and flavor of Vokes, and one finds it difficult to recall even over the short space of two months, any particular delight in the play. But 'tis true of Barbara as of almost all of Rosina Vokes' impersonations, that once seen it will be remembered for years. There is a truth and genuineness about her acting, which though it may not give her immortality, preserves every part she plays in the memory of those who see her. The Tinted Venus and Jack's extravagant wife, who is so worried about her Milliner's Bill of her first season as a star, are as vivid in our memories as the Barbara of last week. I started out to speak of the mingled humor and pathos of her acting, I think. The artistic fervor which characterizes the scene when Barbara grows hysterical in finding out that Ernest Norton is her brother, was particularly brilliant; the humor of the scene when Barbara is urging the shy and fearful Ernest to declare his love, was very good; and the pathos of the last scene when Barbara asks Ernest to put his arms around her once and kiss as a real brother would, was genuinely touching. In the other plays in which Miss Vokes appeared she did some very pretty dancing, and some fine acting in the well known Double Lesson, which has been spoken of before in these columns.

Some three or four weeks ago, actor Charles J. Bell raised a good sized eruption in the Vokes company and sundry alleged contusions on Felix Morris. The thrashing he got has not effected Morris' abilities as a character actor, however. He has a sympathetic touch in depicting an eccentric character that is equaled by few. His Old Chevalier has become one of the most famous character studies on the American stage, and his Percy Pendragon has all the fine shading and delicacy of coloring he can so well employ. Grant Stewart is coming up well in the Vokes company. His Ernest Norton in Barbara was very good, and as the guardsman in A Pantomime Rehearsal he was most unconsciously amusing. As the nephew in Percy Pendragon, however, he had too much of the sugared sweetness of the conventional stage nephew. Courtenay Thorpe, on whom Grant Stewart seems to have modeled much of his work, quite lived up to his reputation. The versatility of Ferdinand Gottschalk was again exemplified. With a harsh and unsympathetic voice, his "business" is so thorough and his knowledge of his art of making-up is so good that in most of his characterizations he is very popular. He played Dr. Finnicum in Barbara, the dry goods merchant in A Game of Cards, and Sir John Moncrieffe in A Double Lesson. Miss Evangeline Irving is a very beautiful *ingenue*, with a striking resemblance to Daly's Isabelle Irving. The other ladies, Flora Clitherow and Marion Kilby, were very fair in their different parts.

In looking over my file of playbills I find the farces come in this order: Dr. Bill, All the Comforts of Home, Niobe, Dorothy's Dilemma, Jane, Niobe again, The Private Secretary, The Last Straw, A Night's Frolic, and Mr. Wilkinson's Widows this week. Dr. Bill is coming back and Roland Reed will be here with a farce shortly. Several other people are starring in farces, but whether they will get here or not this season is unknown. People evidently enjoy something uproariously funny, whether it be intellectual or no. Mr. Wilkinson's Widows is very funny. It is impossible to make comparisons, for when a man goes to see a piece and laughs very much he generally says it is the funniest thing he ever saw. I have seen every farce mentioned above, and I am speaking without exaggeration when I say that somebody or other has told of every one that "it's the funniest thing I ever saw." The tendency of Mr. Wilkinson's Widows is to sugar over with laughter what is morally bad. The departed Mr. Wilkinson has been a bigamist, and the audience is confronted with this fact and made to laugh at the complications which arise after his death and the woes of two dishonored women. The dialogue is good. Mr. Frank Norcross is a very clever actor, with a distinct hold on his audience, and played Mr. Perrin. Mr. Neil O'Brien was excellent as Major Mallory. Mr. Fred Strong was a funny old solicitor; Essie Tittell was a charming and almost powerful Mrs. Perrin; Minnie Tittell a good servant maid; Maggie H. Davidge a funny cook.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club's coming performances of A Russian Honeymoon at the Academy of Music, April 22 and 23, are causing considerable interest on account of the play being a New York Madison Square Theater success and as it has never been presented in Toronto before. The scene being laid in Russia calls for some very handsome costuming, and the amateurs purpose putting the play on exactly as called for by the author. Manager Kirchmer's good heart has allowed the amateurs to rehearse as often as they like in his theater, which gives the performers every chance of becoming accustomed to the stage and lights. As the proceeds go to benefit the Orphans' Home the lady managers of that institute are doing everything in their power to make the efforts of the amateurs a financial success. The club are giving these performances, as well as costuming the piece, free, and all that is asked in return is a most liberal patronage from the public to aid the most deserving institute of charity in the city. The performance will be under the distinguished patronage of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston.

Stephen Fiske, speaking of The Foresters, at Daly's, says: "It is the province of a newspaper to publish news, so it is the province of a playhouse to produce plays. The Foresters is in no dramatic sense a play."

The veteran dramatic instructor, Alfred Ayres, waxes unwontedly enthusiastic on speaking of Minnie Seligman's acting. He delivered himself thus on the subject recently: "Miss Seligman as Violet Hunt in A Modern Match gives a personation that compares favorably with the best personations to be seen on any stage. I doubt whether there is another woman on the English-speaking stage that, in all respects, would be as satisfactory in the part. Miss Seligman's talent for the actor's art is of a very high order. Indeed, so far as I can judge from the parts I have seen her in, it is of the highest order."

The *Town Topics* grinder has got to work on the subject of Florence St. John:

> She is coming again in the antipodean fog,
> With the same mispronounced, of apostle;
> I suppose as she's English we'll all of us go,
> And list to the notes from her throttle.
>
> She is older since starring in Faust up to Date,
> And she then was so bitten, as we know;
> But to star in such twaddle was but a scant fate—
> She may do, perhaps, at the Casino.
>
> There are many attractions about the fair dame,
> She has figured in many a lawsuit,
> And has trifled in most variations of name
> As the libel and naughty divorce suit.
>
> So if Sis jun is *passee* and somewhat *efete*,
> We'll forget all her faults and applaud her,
> And each critic will doubtless announce her a treat,
> In the *World*, *Herald*, *Times* and *Recorder*.

Adele Sandrock, the young German actress who is now in New York, has been spoken of by the Viennese since her impersonation of Iza Clemenceau, only in superlatives. She is the Sara Bernhardt, they assert, of the coming generation. Already engaged by the Vienna Burg Theater, she will enter that famous stock company as leading woman, within a few years; she is one of those who have become famous overnight. An admirer, in speaking of her, says: "Her figure and features are of the Dutch type, she being the daughter of a Rotterdam actor. Her face is plump, its expression undecided, as if her characteristic had been effaced by years of manifold experiences. Her voice is flat, like that of an astonished Pierrot; only her eyes speak to us like an Arabian fairy tale, and in peculiar lines around her firm lips a mystery is spread which tells of stormy desires and bold hopes. She is nervous to the extreme. When she acts her whole body takes part, from the eyes to the finger-tips. She excels in the representation of piquant women, who do not consider the straight way the best, women with an interesting past and doubtful future. However, she lately refused to play the part of an adventuress, saying that she tired of continually representing 'wild animals.' Adele Sandrock is the representative of modern realism; the peculiarity of her art consists in her boldness, that never shrinks from depicting the morbid and ugly elements of life, though she prefers beauty, if beauty is possible in her part."

The *Players* is responsible for the statement that, after Easter, a novel form of entertainment will occupy the boards of the Prince of Wales' Theater, London. A series of "variety afternoons" will take the place of the ordinary matinee. The best music hall talent will be exhibited, while coffee and tea will be served to the public.

The *Dramatic Mirror* speaks of the new Southern play now running in New York, as follows:

Considering the very slender material provided by Colonel Carter of Cartersville, Messrs. Smith and Thomas must be credited with a good deal of ingenuity in having converted it into a five-act play.

More than that, they are to be praised for the fidelity with which they have imparted to the dramatic version a strong suggestion of the delightful flavor that constitutes the chief charm of the book. That flavor, however, is in no sense dramatic—it is literary. To what extent a quality that gives pleasure through the medium of the printed page can give pleasure through the medium of living interpretation, is open to debate.

Instead of creating interest in character by reducing it in the searching light of events; instead of striking the steel of human nature against the flint of experience, the new school dramatist gives us a cold, calculating character analysis. He has lost faith in the virtue of sparks.

His pieces bear the same relations to plays that the artist's "studies" bear to his completed paintings.

Viewed in the light of a sketch or a "study," Colonel Carter of Cartersville is unquestionably interesting, for it possesses true artistic qualities. The Colonel is a delicious personage—racy of the Virginia soil, coupling with the expectancy of a Micawber the charming delicacy of feeling, the hypersensitive honor, and the illimitable hospitality of the Southern country gentleman to whom has descended, and by whom has been preserved, the courtly, high-bred qualities of the English cavaliers that planted the New World aristocracy in the South and transmitted to their descendants characteristics that are the antitheses of those that were handed down by the hard-headed, thrifty, canny Puritan settlers of New England.

In the play, as in the book, we see the Colonel hopefully promoting his "air-line" in New York and exercising his genial prerogatives in his ancestral house. We also find him in love with a pretty ward, created for the dramatists' purposes, who twines herself about the loyal gentleman's heart only to demand of him a sacrifice when she wishes to give her hand to his young friend Morgan. It is all a study of character—winsome, humorous, pathetic by turns.

Since the opening night the text has been advantageously condensed, and refined audiences find much to enjoy in the delineation.

Mr. Hoyt has not furthered his popularity among the fair by the scarcely brave and gallant pleasantry that ere he creates a grand, noble and perfect woman, he will wait for the Almighty to set him an example. From the lips of even the dying swan of fiction this tune seems very out of place. It might better have been left to some box-office autocrat, whose bane of existence is the matinee female who wants an orchestra chair for a sky-parlor ticket.

James A. Herne and his wife, an earnest and sympathetic actress, have been engaged to head what is called a "summer stock" at McVicker's Chicago theater, opening in May and continuing twelve weeks. Three of Herne's dramas will be acted—Shore Acres, which is new; My Colleen, which has been acted, and Margaret Fleming, which has been re-written in deference to conventionality. Late this month Bernhardt will give three performances of Leah at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, so that she will not take leave of us in the manner at first proposed. She will sail for Paris immediately following her brief engagement. Lilly Post, the wife of Manager Morton of Hermann's, will be the new prima donna in the W. T. Carleton Opera Company. Charles Frohman's recent engagements name as a rather notable one that bright young actress, Blanche Walsh, who will leave Marie Wainwright after two seasons' service. Frohman now has about three hundred actors in his employ, paying them wages never before exceeded in liberality in the history of American theatricals. Oliver Byron's son, Arthur, named for Ada Rehan's brother, is to play in a San Francisco company next season. The *Trisco* move is the direction of fixed dramatic companies is important. Henry Irving does not, apparently, fear to spend money on his Lyceum Theater. He has lately introduced a remarkably complete system of heating by hot water pipes, combined with a special plan for ventilation. Janauschek has again announced that she is about to retire from the stage. She has been an actress, and an honorably successful one, in both Germany and America since 1848. Richard Mansfield's marriage to Beatrice Cameron will occur in England, following the close of his Pacific coast tour this summer. Louise Leslie-Carter has secured on appeal a reversal of the decision against her in the celebrated Chicago divorce case. Weedon Grossmith and Brandon Thomas, English comedians, who were here with Rosina Vokes several seasons ago, will return in the early fall to start together in a triple bill of light pieces. During holy week fifty or sixty companies will rest. The period is not a profitable one for the theaters. E. H. Vanderfelt, who will be recalled as Modjeska's leading actor several seasons ago, and whose mind was feared to have been affected by the sudden death of his wife, has recovered his health. He has also signed for a year's engagement to Miss Fortescue, the spiritually English actress who visited this country about 1883. The Merry Monarch is to be produced at the Gaiety, London. Francis Wilson says Wyndham and D'Oyly Carte were unsuccessful bidders for the English rights, and that Carte wanted changes made in the scene and in the book. Wilson refused to make them or to permit them to be made. Richard Stahl, composer of The Sea King, Said Pasha, etc., has returned to America, after a long visit to Germany. His newest work, Princesse Petite, will have a hearing in Denzig this summer, he says.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least five lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

JAXE.—Photos are not delineated in this column. I find it impossible to devote any space to them. I have returned your photo to the Toronto address.

POLLY.—You are kind and contented, a little careless, rather too easy-going to make a success of life, great hopefulness, some taste and sympathy, and a sincere love of the right are shown. It isn't a very striking hand.

LAY BRUNETTE.—Strength, great capacity of affection, self-control, quick sympathy, nervous energy, care of details, fondness for the real, and a decided wish for a soft corner in life, which, after your cousins' greetings, I hope you may have.

DRUMMONDVILLE—Your writing shows ideality, refinement, social instincts, good judgment, some wit and rather a mercurial temperament, easily excited and as easily depressed. You are tenacious, orderly, confiding, deliberate and conscientious, a little narrow, but very desirous to be just. A very likable personage.

HUGO.—A very unformed hand, evidently the effort of an uncultured and immature individual. It would not be a satisfactory study. If by your "initiative" you mean your character, Hugo, it isn't very decided which way to run just yet. Just have a turn at your spelling-book, my son, and let your temper alone for a year or two.

SIXTEN BELL.—Your study shows great imagination, ambition, energy and versatility. Your judgment is prejudiced and faulty, and you are rather visionary than practical. You have no doubt taking ways, and are rather bright and probably witty. The second study is ridiculous. Frankly, I would not advise you to practice either as they now appear, but if you take pains with the first it will in time give you a decent hand.

LAWSON.—1. I could not imagine what your person meant. It would take a clever head to discover what lots of them mean. 2 Your writing is a perfect study of neatness and evenness. You are methodical, just, good-tempered and rather fond of humor. You have great sympathy and much hope and generosity, you are careful, easily pleased in creature comforts, a little anxious for effect, and you ought to be a good business man.

ROSEMARY.—There is such a street as West Lodge avenue. It runs north from Queen street, and is the second street west of Dufferin road in St. Albans' Ward. 2. Height has nothing to do with the qualifications. One of the best women in the General Hospital was a wee woman of five feet high. 3. For character delineation see Muriel T. You have slightly the advantage of her in some minor points, but the writings are almost identical.

HARRY T.—You can see a joke whether Muriel can or not. You are an impulsive, careless, persevering, happy-tempered, but occasionally moody individual, with good powers of imagination, love of society, strong affections, great versatility, lack of tact, but taste for beauty, and probably love of music. You are apt to be fanciful and not very precise, but you are a nice sort of fellow, and if Muriel don't get on with you it will be much her own fault.

BLANCHE.—1. I think you could get a stray copy of the book you mention. I read it years ago and found it rather clever. A postal card to Messrs. T. C. Allan, King street west, or Rowsell & Hutchinson, King street east, would probably procure you a copy. 2. Your writing shows generosity, kindness, humor, perseverance, good decision, constancy. It is a most speaking and excellent hand. I should think the writer possesses considerable force and influence over others.

MYKEMALIA.—Your handwriting, for a lady, is simply awful. Whatever is the matter with you, where is the use of it? It is almost impossible to study such a specimen. The taste is shown, however clearly, and it is pity and a grieve to see them so obscured by a mannerism. You are kind and amiable, with clear and collected ideas and perseverance, orderly, discreet and determined, with lack of tact, culture and refinement are seen, but I am sure your writing would give good results if you would get rid of the defect I spoke of and set it right side up.

HARRY S.—1. I don't know the exact height of the Prince of Wales' Theater. When he visited Toronto as a boy in 1861 he gave the impression of slenderness and height, but the last time I saw him he looked short and decidedly stout. He looked taller than the first time I saw him. Your writing shows method, care, order and ability. You are a little cautious, fond of the good things of life, have much energy and will controlled energy, some idealism and considerable taste. Your orthography sometimes mars the effect of a very good sentence. Be more careful, Harry, my boy.

OUR WILL.—One thing certain, Will, you won't ever do a very foolish act for lack of care and caution, though your innate love of fun and high spirits may carry you a long way. You are energetic, clever, and have lots of ambition, tenacity, and a little of the sweet turn of fancy. I should fancy you would much enjoy a quiet joke, and your likes and dislikes would be decided and strong. You are a little vain, very kind and generous, have great courage, and could all be an opportunist if you got the right machinery of a first-rate fellow. I only wish some of my correspondents were more like you.

MINNIE T.—Your writing has been already delineated, but as you say you missed seeing the issue containing your delineation I will give you a few pointers again. Please remember that nearly three hundred subscribers are waiting for a like favor and be proportionately grateful. From your writing I should say the expression of "funny" is used with your acquaintances in the sense of peculiar or odd, as there is but faint suggestion of humor in your lines. You are very self-sufficient, discreet and strongly willed and determined, generally amiable and reasonable. You do not always commandeer your temper as a little selfish, have some imagination, but are on the whole practical.

THE STRANGER.—1. I don't wait to be told any more than you waited to be told to write. My hands some of daily grade always to other people when I notice as being strange or neglected in a social gathering. I wonder can you give me as good an excuse for your letter? 2. Your writing shows healthy and rather a clever turn of thought. You are probably social and fond of gaiety, decidedly self-reliant, determined and rather self-opinionated. But your strength of mind never becomes dictatorial, for your manner is affable and your judgment excellent. I don't think you're extremely sympathetic nor gifted with very great intuitive perception, and you are sometimes careless of the small courtesies of life, and you should try to be. Decided ability and good promise of success are yours.

MAY VERNON.—George Eliot is, on the contrary, notwithstanding, I must remark that preposterous. Her form isn't always make a woman odious. Some of the queens of society, by and by, have had some, and having them now, but aren't odious. As your writing lies before me you are anything but odious. You are strong, thoughtful, practical and honest, careful in effect, rather discreet in speech, constant, liberal, slightly decisive in temper and rather leading in buoyancy and hope. It is the writing of a dominant rather than a coaxing creature, and carries suggestion of tact and diplomacy. I have found a good many kindred quotations to yours, but not the exact words you give me. I don't know a rhyming more aggravating than to be praised for what your own sense tell s you is poor work.

MEDICA.—1. A fluid is advertised here to keep the bangs in curl but I don't think baby wool's equal to its influence. 2. I am sorry there is so large a stake depending on the correctness of your delineation; another time, don't inform me of these reckless wagers, it makes me quite nervous. 3 You are witty, fond of good things, strong in your opinions and warm in affection but not apt to distribute the latter so lavishly as the former, sometimes you are very careful, but at others you hurry to a conclusion and do hastily work in method you are naturally frank and direct, but should you be otherwise, you haven't the tact and diplomacy that would make you successful. 4. Do not worry over your neighbors' concerns. I have found a good many kindred quotations to yours, but not the exact words you give me. I don't know a rhyming more aggravating than to be praised for what your own sense tel

Between You and Me.

ONE day lately I happened on an old hymn book that had seen better days, and idly turning over the leaves I came across some surprising lines. One verse ended, "We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide." What unconscious insincerity must have echoed in the tones of many a warbling and prim spinster of ye olden time, who didn't want nor intend to die "shouting," and who had never shouted since her days of pigtails and pantalets. Fancy such an undignified way of shuffling off this mortal coil! Shouting, no matter how triumphant or pious the shout, doesn't exactly fit with the idea of an edifying decease. Another hymn, which always seems to be rather a waste of breath, begins, "Oh, to be nothing!" I don't believe anyone who sang it out of the old hymn book was much the better for that effort. No one wants to be "nothing." A naughty little boy, the other day, expressed his contempt for his adversary in the following peculiar sentence: "Get along, you little nothing!" Wasn't the adjective rather superfluous? Surely a "nothing" couldn't be big or little, and the wish to be "nothing" couldn't be quite in earnest, or, as with the saucy small boy, the "nothing" meant more than we usually give it credit for.

*

Once I had a funny experience of hymnology. It was during a church service held in an asylum, where some of the patients were allowed to be present. One old lady, with a marvelous bonnet, supporting three long, white ostrich feathers, sang a deep bass. The rest of the party were quite accustomed to her, but I found her rather distressing. When the plate was passed round for contributions, she took it and counted what was in it, announcing the result of her arithmetic complacently as "a dollar and fifteen cents," and quite unconscious of the look of wonder that overspread my countenance. One sweet, sad-looking girl suddenly broke forth into a verse of a well known hymn, and the organist, quickly catching the key, played the air, while those who remembered the words swelled the chorus. The old lady with the feathers got up and walked out, very much displeased. As for myself, I was never so near crying, for some vague and distracting pity seemed to come and almost upset my composure, while the pale girl sang, true and sweet and clear, the fragment of the hymn that remained to her from brighter days.

*

Another hymn which comes back to me as I write, was sung on the steerage deck of a great ocean liner, one summer Sunday evening. It was in German, and the fair-haired, placid-faced *fraulein* rocked herself back and forward as she sang. Here and there some one joined in; up on the promenade deck, a little group of music-loving folk listened appreciatively, for the *fraulein* sang exceedingly well! Her rich voice trailed off into silence, but her hymn sounds in my ear as plain as if she sat below me here and sang on this April evening. One more hymn I remember. A neighbor of mine, long ago, used to sing it on Sunday evenings, in the summer time, with windows set wide open, gas blazing, and people on the sidewalks criticizing. She sang loudly, and one note seemed to afford her great relief. It came on the first syllable of "harvest," in What Shall the *Harvest* be! If many an irate listening householder had been a free agent, the harvest would have been bootjacks and whatever other gleanings were nearest to hand.

*

From hymns to hers—as I listened to Rosina Vokes reciting a song last week, a couple behind me were rather amusing in their comments and remarks, and I quite owe one of them a vote of thanks for the information he gave me about the dispositions, peculiarities and weaknesses of the different members of the caste. How such things become known to outsiders one cannot explain, but these two people carried conviction in their off-hand and confident assertions, (I don't say of *what*.) They were quite right in one remark though, which was that we had seen a good many oldish women on the boards this winter. Rhea, Modjeska, Bernhardt, Davenport, Rosina herself and Mrs. Kendal are all on the wane, as far as years go, though some of them don't want to hear it. After all, if they feel young and make up young, perhaps we'd better pretend that we've slipped in a decade too many to their account, and give up remembering when we saw them first.

*

My notice was attracted by a very amusing illustrated article in an English paper today, about the jollifications which took place recently at Durham Park, Cheshire, where snow and frost combined to turn a sloping terrace into a capital if transient imitation of a toboggan slide. Men, women and children cast prim decorum to the winds and flocked to the scene of unusual sportiveness, to test their skill and courage at tobogganing—every available article, from the pretty American toy to the roughest box, or the family tea tray, being called into use. One adventurous spirit had evidently made a raid upon the larder, and was performing some wonderful feats on a large dripping-pan; a good-sized bath and a sheet of zinc being converted into a veritable family "coach." The whole scene was very gay and attractive, some hundreds of people of all classes from Manchester and the surrounding neighborhood having assembled to see the fun. Certainly our Canadian eyes would have twinkled over such a sight.

*

A correspondent asks me where she can procure green carnations. You must do as the other silly folks do, my lady, buy white ones and paint them green in stripes, blotches and smears. If your conscience will allow you to so desecrate a sweet, spicy white carnation, you can be in the fashion at the same pains as are your English and Parisian brothers and sisters. In an article on manias, I read lately that flower maniacs were often very interesting people, but a distinct exception was made of those who dye and wear green carnations. I don't believe I should meddle with them if I were in your place.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Queen Victoria is said to be the only living person who has known and talked with Sir Walter Scott.

Actors were so much admired by the late Dr. Morell Mackenzie that he never charged them for medical advice.

Queen Marguerite's famous pearl necklace is every year increased by the king's gift of an additional row of pearls, and it is now said to be too large for beauty.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr was a woman of middle age when she began writing novels, and it was sheer necessity that developed her talent. She was born in Lancashire, England.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a niece of Matthew Arnold, a grandaughter of Dr. Arnold, the famous master of Rugby, and her husband is the principal art critic of the London *Times*. She was born in Tasmania.

At seven o'clock every evening throughout the year, a guard consisting of a drummer, two sergeants and thirty armed men, takes up its quarters inside the Bank of England, and remains until seven the next morning.

Miss Hulda Friedrichs, a brilliant young German, has been engaged by the *Pall Mall Gazette* to make a tour of the United States, and to write up the social and economic conditions of the country in their relations to women.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have the largest collection of fans in the world, representing almost every era. A special room has been designed for them by Oscar Wilde, walls and ceiling and rare cabinets being used to receive the dainty trifles.

Mrs. John Sherwood, the popular writer on etiquette, delightful parlor reader and society leader, is said to be past seventy, and although suffering much from rheumatism and forced by reverses of fortune to support herself and invalid husband, she is always cheerful, gracious and entertaining.

M. Ferrari, a Parisian, is said to have the finest collection of postage stamps in the world. Its value may be estimated from the fact that the British Government exacted an inheritance tax of four thousand pounds upon the Topling collection—deemed the second best—reckoning this sum as four per cent. of its value.

Pope Leo XIII. has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday, and, notwithstanding the many rumors regarding the state of his health, it is asserted that there is no good reason for believing that he will not continue to occupy the chair of St. Peter for many years to come. His mode of life is of the simplest. He rises at six o'clock in the morning and may be said to be occupied with his duties all day long.

A century ago a Swedish engineer, Hogstrom, not only constructed a crude locomotive, but also conceived the plan of a railroad. His first notion was that his locomotive should be used on ordinary roads, but in the year 1791 he brought out his railroad scheme. The rails were to be of cast iron and smooth. His plan was laid before several scientists, who were unanimous in denouncing it as utter madness. The plan was shelved.

George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, began life as a telegraph operator, and had the name of being the swiftest receiver of a telegraph message in the employ of the Western Union. He first went to Siberia at the time of the attempt to establish telegraphic communication between Europe and America via Behring Sea and Siberia, before the success of the Atlantic cables had been demonstrated. While in Siberia he did some writing for the newspapers, that determined his present career.

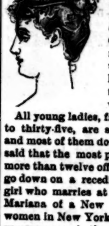
Florence Marryat, daughter of the author of Mr. Midshipman Easy, is responsible for fifty-eight novels up to date. She says she never reads criticisms of her work, and never writes save on the spur of the moment. Notwithstanding these peculiarities, her books seem to please women. Perhaps one reason of this is that she tackles the most profound problems with a light heart, and always supplies some kind of solution, with comfortable assurance that it is the right one.

Carolus Duran exhibits all the courtliness which tradition attributes to Velasquez, Vandyck and the other kings of their art. In every move and turn his manner suggests dashing, high-bred fascination. Somewhere near fifty, the artist is singularly comely; all the dramatic vigor of his face and carriage is softened, toned by the delicious softness of the eye and the young, the very youthful curve of an exceptionally well drawn mouth. His studio is situated in a passage in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, near to the aristocratic Faubourg.

The King and Queen of Denmark will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary on May 22nd next, and, judging from their relations with the rest of European royalty, the presents they will receive will be gorgeous in the extreme, without doubt. One popular gift will be a crown of gold contributed by more than one hundred thousand school children in Denmark, each of whom gave a penny. The crown is composed of golden corn-ears and clover-leaves, and interlaced with a ribbon bearing the inscription, "The children of Denmark have woven this crown for the occasion of the golden wedding of King Christian IX. and Queen Louise, on May 22, 1892." The Danish poet Hroerdal is though to be composing an address to accompany this gift.

Five young Cabinet Daughters in Washington are well known for their practical, useful lives. Miss Blaine superintends her father's house, attends to the marketing and pays the bills; Miss Miller cares for the household affairs every alternate week; Miss Wanamaker looks over the overwhelming number of appeals for charity which are sent to the family; Miss Rusk plans table decorations, *menus*, flowers and all accessories of social teas and luncheons given at the hospitable Rusk mansion; while Miss Foster, the fresh-faced, sensible, natural young daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, preceded her mother to Washington, hired the servants, superintended the unpacking and arranging of the furniture, and held two official receptions before her mother's arrival.

The Girl With the Suitors.



THE young lady with the suitors is a prominent figure in all societies, but a particularly prominent one in those circles of Gotham where money is not so plentiful as leaves upon the brooks of Vallombrosa, but where gentility is flourishing and vigorous.

All young ladies, from the ages of eighteen to thirty-five, are supposed to have suitors, and most of them do. A recent authority has said that the most popular maiden rarely has more than twelve offers of marriage, and these go down on a receding scale to the one of the girl who marries at seventeen or the pensive Mariana of a New England village. Young women in New York have probably more than young women in the other Atlantic Coast cities, there being more eligible men to be had. The general average is about three to the ordinary girl who marries at from twenty-two to twenty-five. Of course, if she is possessed of remarkable charm, brilliancy, beauty, or a fortune, the number of *soupirants* mounts up to quite an imposing figure.

The girl with the suitors, however, appears, like Penelope, to be besieged by battalions of men who pine to call her theirs, and who are possessed of every advantage of fortune, appearance, and disposition that ever distinguished the male biped. The heart-breaker herself, who causes much depredations in the ranks of marriageable masculines, would not appear to the eye of the average beholder to be such a redoubtable charmer. She is rather a nice little person, neat, very quietly and trimly dressed, with a small, pointed foot, always perfectly shod, and a tiny hand of a dazzling whiteness. She has a rather important, fussy manner at times, is sweetly condescending to her slaves, and is very fond of being with women and unlocking the secrets of her heart to their sympathizing ears.

When men go to call on her, she keeps them waiting about half an hour. Living in a small flat, most of the rooms only divided by *portieres*, her voice carries from the seclusion of her own apartment to the parlor, where the guest sits dangling his hat and looking at his nicely polished boots. Unable to get away, he is forced to harken to such sounds as, "Mary Ann, where in heaven's name did you put my pink skirt!" Then after a bustle and a sound of hastily flying feet, the voice of the siren once more rises on the silent air: "Where the deuce are the tongs!" This appears to be part of a soliloquy, for Mary Ann makes no response and is heard lumbering heavily about in the kitchen.

After some more explosive queries, the toilet appears to be complete, a rustle of skirts is heard in the tiny hall, and the charmer appears, blushing and contrite, in the doorway. She is an elaborate picture of completed industry. Her hair is curled to the last pitch of perfection, her dress is charming, her little pointed nails shine like shells, her feet are disclosed in tiny embroidered slippers. She wafts a perfume of orris, and, subsiding with a languid sweep upon the divan, she indicates a neighboring chair with a fairy hand that grasps a lace-edged handkerchief.

When the small talk is over she begins to confide. One of the peculiarities of the lady with the suitors, is that sooner or later she will always confide. At first she does not do it directly. She describes to you the hypothetical case of the sad plight of a friend of hers who is besieged by numerous madly infatuated men who threaten to blow out their brains unless the distracted fair one consents to lead them to the altar. At a later stage in the friendship she admits, with some coyness, that she, herself, is greatly troubled by the frantic love that a young man—of course being chastened to wild horses and torn asunder would not induce her to disclose his name—has conceived for her. Why has Heaven cursed her with this fatal power! And the tears stand in her sweet and devastating blue eyes.

"Now, Mr. Smith," she says, settling herself comfortably among the pillows and leveling one of her most death-dealing glances at the listener, "I want to ask you something. I have a dear friend, a girl about my own age—twenty-three—who is greatly perplexed. You see, though she really isn't very pretty—is quite an ineffectual-looking, quiet, uninteresting little thing—she has a great deal of charm, magnetism, you know—all that sort of thing. And, really, seeing her one would never think of all the affaire she has had—quantities of men have been wild about her—perfectly frantic. Well, I know her intimately. Just now there is a man who really threatens to commit suicide if she doesn't accept him. He's a very nice fellow, too—a civil engineer. He gets three hundred a month, and expects a raise on the new year. He's got really fine eyes, but he's a trifle shorter than she is—and that's rather a disadvantage. But, of course, one must marry some time, and she doesn't like to actually blight his life. That's what's so hard on girls—we don't like to be perpetually dealing men these fearful blows. But what can we do! We can't go and marry every man that asks us. And we've got to think a little of ourselves. What would you advise her to do!"

This is the first confidence. Later on, meeting Mr. Smith at a dance, she will make another of an exactly similar nature, except that the man will be a young lawyer this time. Drifting up to Mr. Smith, in the mazes of the dance, she murmurs a soft "Good evening," then says: "Can I have a word with you some time this evening? It is on a subject of great importance to me, and your advice has already helped me so much," and she levels upon the hapless Smith a glance which, by her own showing, has laid one civil engineer low with galloping consumption, induced a throbbing member of the produce exchange to take a voyage round the world, broken the hearts of two stock brokers, and lodged a rising young doctor in an inebriate asylum, not to mention a whole army of bank clerks that it has driven to the dogs.

"I don't know what I shall do with my eyes," she confides later to a female friend; "they are nothing but a trial to me. It almost breaks my heart when I think of all the trouble they have caused."

When the friendship is firmly established, the confidences are more numerous and the names of the victims are appended. Mr. Smith is overwhelmed with frantic appeals for advice, and begins to feel as if he were living in the middle of a novel by Rhoda Broughton. The atmosphere is charged with love and seems to resound with cries of the broken-hearted. The admirers of the siren, according to her own showing, are much given to weeping. When she blights them with the one word of doom, they break into sobs. There are always "tears in his eyes," in her recitals. Sometimes the tears get down into his voice, and Smith remembers one occasion when they even receded to his throat, where they took the form of "choking sobs." But "the pearly fugitives," as one of the old novel writers calls them, are always on deck. The siren could not break a man's heart and leave him dry-eyed.

Just how much of the confidences are true it is almost impossible for any one to discover. Some of the dear girl-friends of the siren say she has invented the entire collection of swains—that there never was a civil engineer, with three hundred a month and fine eyes, or a young lawyer, or a member of the produce exchange, or an inebriate doctor, or a bank clerk. The confidences are so numerous that one gets finally to believing this, until on a rainy afternoon, drifting up into her little flat, you may find her sitting sociably over her small tea-table, brewing a steaming cup for either the lawyer or the civil engineer, who sits opposite on the divan and looks rather blackly at the intruder. She plays one against the other for a half hour, when the angrier of the two gets up and goes, leaving the other to drink tea far into the twilight. The siren, lighting a lamp or two, curls up in her favorite, cat-like way among the cushions of her chair, and, as the departing swain's footsteps die away down the corridor, says, whisperingly:

"That's Mr. Brown—the man I told you about. I'm really in a fearful predicament with regard to him. You know he's simply mad about me—won't take no for an answer. I don't know what I'm going to do about it—I think sometimes, in my desperation, I will end up by marrying him—just to get rid of him, you know."

This murmured confession has its charm. It removes from the mind of the remaining guest the uneasy suspicion that she has been inwardly execrating him for his intrusion on the *tete a-tete*. It also gives him a pleased feeling of superiority over the departed Brown, who is in such a sorry plight and whose inamorata evidently prefers her second visitor—or else why should she choose to tell him of Brown's pretensions in such an open, candid way! Mayhap, however, he may have a shrewd suspicion that the next time the lady mentions Brown, she will say, with a pettish pout:

"Wasn't it horrid that clumsy Mr. Smith should drop in on us the other afternoon and stick there as if he'd been glued to the seat! I don't know what I'm going to do with that man. He simply pesters me to death. I can't get rid of him at all. He follows me about wherever I go, and, I assure you, I have never given him the least encouragement. That's the way with that sort of man—the worse you treat him, the more he adores you."

Sometimes Brown and Smith hear about their infatuation for the subtle siren, and are greatly surprised. But they can not go to the lady and deny the soft impeachment. They assure their sisters—who generally bring them the news—that there is a mistake somewhere, and seek in a furtive, abashed way, to right themselves in the eyes of the world. This is generally a failure, and for the rest of their bachelor careers they are blighted by the suspicion of having been two of the siren's most successfully taken scalps.

On the Fringe of Society.

Mrs. O'Dowd (to Mrs. D'Finnigan).—The top of the morning to you, Mrs. D'Finnigan.
Mrs. D'Finnigan.—The same to you, Mrs. O'Dowd.
Mrs. O'Dowd.—Did Mickey sell all his papers this morning
Mrs. D'Finnegan.—Phat wan are yez wishing?
Mrs. O'Dowd.—Sure the wan wid th' "Daily Hint from Paris."

At Twilight.

For Saturday Night.

By the murm'ring of the streamlet
In the twilight shades I lay,
Calling visions up that haunt us
At the closing of the day.
Bringing sweet and tender memories
To beguile the hours away.
For I feel a lov'd one's presence
In the whisp'ring woodlands dim,
And I seem, in twilight shadows,
To be nearer then to him.

On the breeze, my cheek caressing,
Comes a song so wildly sweet
That my heart, its tumult stilling,
Seeks its music to repeat,
Ere it dies away in silence
Where the clouds and shadows meet.
So into our lives are woven
Strains of melody divine,
Filling us with hope and leaving
Sweetest memories behind.

HENRI B. SCULLY.

Social and Artistic

A New York journal has the following sensible remarks on the subject of the opera stage in society: During the past winter and in the early spring, while the great New York opera house rang with the splendid vocalization of famous singers, both men and women, the fashionables gathered in the circle of boxes, the solid and intelligently quiet company comfortably seated in the orchestra chairs, and the small gods and goddesses up in the lofty galleries, took a more genuine individual interest in the artists on the stage than has ever before, in New York's history, been accorded musical professionals.

Hitherto not Patti herself ever asked or was shown any social courtesies in America; public applause, stage triumphs and prestige, are all the singers especially have asked for and been accorded. Year after year the Metropolitan Opera House stage has brought forth prominent or insignificant professionals, Italian and French singers, who came in the autumn, sang for us during the winter, sailed for Europe in the spring, and never, during their sojourn in our land, received hospitality in any prominent or representative American home. The German artists made no deeper social impression, and New York society has come to regard the gifted individuals of our operatic stage as mere machines delightfully suited to music-making, but of no vital interest or importance beyond the boundary of the footlights.

Fashionable New York, through lamentable ignorance, also gained a false impression of the social status of musical artists. The honorable and beautiful profession was debarred admission to drawing-rooms where too often unfortunate stupidity and shaky breeding, coupled with money, found a high place.

Last winter, however, a surprising amount of gossip in public and private was aroused by the announcement that the artists, both feminine and masculine, engaged by the well known *impressario* to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, had demanded a reception by the social leaders of New York. The demand was made, not by right of mere presence in the city, not by that divine right that any well bred stranger possesses to ask welcome and hospitality of his equals, but by the right of social equality.

The men and women who sang at the Metropolitan last winter, were many of them fashionably as aristocratic, by education fully as profound and thorough, by breeding fully as fine, and by social recommendation fully as powerful as any member of our inner fashionable circle can boast. A number of the professionals, by virtue of birth, are received at European courts, possess the friendship of the highest-born in four kingdoms, are courted guests in great houses, and are there highly honored for their art, their intelligence, and their dignity. Truly, these people had a right to ask hearty greeting from us. They looked for the welcome to come spontaneously, then they presented royally indorsed credentials, and yet those who should have acted the sacred part of hosts and hostesses waited and gossiped over the matter and wondered whether it would be compatible with their unfortunately too lately acquired dignities to accept "these people" as equals, you know?

Mrs. Brown wondered what Mrs. Jones thought of it, and Mrs. Very Newly Rich pondered the grave matter as to whether she could accept "these people" as equals; and Mrs. Lately Wealthy cut the Gordian knot by hiring the artists to come and sing in her drawing-rooms for the curious amusement of guests not more appreciative than herself. Much that is harsh, unjust, and some things that are undignified, have been said on both sides, for not very tamely did the artists accept so chill a greeting.

But, truly, we were to blame, and the American drawing-room has been greatly the loser in this struggle. The artists were not entertained; they were ignored, and occasionally insulted. The feminine leaders of society had it well in their power, by cordial acceptance of these brilliant men and women, who have left us doubtless forever, to add incalculably to the finer artistic side of aristocratic American life; to give a tone thereby of intellectual charm to society, variety of color, of wit, of grace, of beauty—for, confessedly, American society among the wealthy classes is commonplace. Think of the dinner company a New York hostess might have gathered, a company in which might have figured a great tenor and basso brothers, and a pair of famous sisters, the four beautiful of person, cultured of mind, so keen of wit and so gracious of manner that other guests would have remembered it for many a long day as both uncommon and delightful. As an afterthought, it is just as well to reflect on the fact that to these men and women, whom the Princess of Wales entertained at Sandringham and the Duchess of Portland placed at her right at dinners, we could scarcely afford to give a cordial handshake.

She Yelled Mouse and Jumped.

A surprisingly strong bit of evidence in proof of a woman's inability to remain calm in the presence of a mouse was furnished today by Bridget Colgan, the servant girl who is now being treated for a broken ankle at the Philadelphia hospital.

Miss Colgan in a fine, strapping young daughter of Erin, who would give most men a hard tussle in a test of physical strength and her nerves are usually as steady as a rock. Yet when Bridget was cleaning the second story windows of the house where she was employed as chambermaid last week and she saw a mouse run out from under the bed, she instantly turned and leaped into the street below, at the same time screaming, "A mouse! a mouse!"

Perhaps no more remarkable instance of this strange fear has ever been recorded, and Miss Bridget escaped with only the injuries mentioned is not the least curious part of her adventure.

His Drawback.

Mrs. Saran-Pevens—Was Adam a gentleman!

Mr. Makealister—Certainly not. He had no great-grandfather.

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*" and having yielded so much, it seemed but a trifle more to allow herself to be persuaded into driving with Monsieur Raoul as far as the station itself, instead of being dropped at her own door, and Daphne consented, when after a hurried glance at his watch the young man declared that he would all but lose his train, the stupid coachman was so slow. "A quarter past eight! I shall just do it." He hurried in, closely followed by Daphne.

"Oh, come along," he said, when she would have bidden him farewell. "I shall be off in a minute."

He had a carriage to himself, flung his bags and wraps in.

"After all," he said, "we need not have hurried, we have five minutes yet before the train starts. Don't go."

"Where is my parcel?" asked Daphne suddenly. "I gave it to you in the carriage. Have you left it behind!"

"No, it is here."

Daphne climbed up into the carriage and took it from him.

"There, sit down. How I wish you were coming with me, we should have it all to ourselves. You might just as well come a little way, you could get out and return by the next train."

"Oh, no. Think what it would be if I did not get back until after Mr. Armitage had returned." She turned pale at the thought. "I had better get out now," she added nervously. The next instant she had shrunk back in dismay, crouching away out of sight.

"He is there—see—Gerald, himself, oh, what am I to do? I am lost."

"Nonsense!" Monsieur de Maupas sprang to his feet and leaned leisurely out of the window, blocking up the aperture and effectually screening Daphne. A shriek—a loud whistle, and the train began to move.

"Stop," cried the girl wildly. "I must get out. For God's sake, stop."

"It is impossible. The young man threw himself beside her and coolly possessed himself of the trembling hands. "It is too late now. We must just make the best of it. It was very unlucky that your husband should have returned earlier than you anticipated, but you cannot expect me to be heart-broken over it, since it has secured to me a couple more hours in your society."

"Of course I shall get down at the next station."

"What do you mean?" she asked in surprise.

"This train does not stop until we reach Amiens."

Daphne grew as white as death. Then she faced him sternly.

"Why did you lie to me?" she said. "You yourself proposed that I should go as far as Creil, and return by the next train to Paris. If you knew that this was an express, you were wilfully deceiving me."

"Bebe, bebe!" "my pretty Bebe, why need you go back at all?" and he unfolded the diabolical plan he had been cogitating for months past. Fate had thrown the girl in his arms, and he never doubted but that by cajolery and sophistry he would keep her, but as Daphne listened her eyes gleamed angrily, and she held her breath the better to him have his say, interrupting him by not so much as a word, and deceived by her manner, at last he flung his arm around her waist and pressed his lips to her soft face. To his intense surprise the girl clenched her hand and struck him a sharp sudden blow, wrenching herself from his grasp.

"Leave my husband, for—you!" she cried. "A man who has no spark of honor in his whole composition, who stoops to trade upon a woman's credulity and weakness! Coward that you are! Never, never!"

"One thing is certain," remarked the Frenchman with a sneer, "your husband will hardly be prepared to pardon this escapade, and in that case what is to become of you? You will think better of it. I am sure you will, and instead of remaining at Amiens we will cross over to England."

Daphne lifted her eyes full of the scorn that filled her heart to overflowing. "Have you the honor of wishing to make me his wife?"

Raoul shrugged his shoulders.

"My husband will, of course, divorce me."

"We will wait and see what happens; matters will arrange themselves."

"And it is to be the honor of such a man that I am to trust myself? No; I prefer to cast myself upon the mercy of my husband. I have disobeyed and deceived him, but he will believe in my innocence of all wish for wrong doing." Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hands. How wicked she had been, how foolish. To do the girl justice, friendless and eaten up with vanity though she was, this was the sum and substance of her offending. Her stolen interviews had been charming, commending themselves to her as such because of the spice of naughtiness and romance they contained as for the sake of the pretty compliments she received. The whole affair had been a huge joke in Daphne's eyes. It was such fun to get ahead of Gerald, to laugh in her sleeve, seeing how easily she could bondwink him, but now her eyes filled with tears, hot tears of shame and mortification. By her own folly she had placed herself in her present position, and she had her own culpability to thank for the insulting proposition this man had dared to make her. She withdrew to the farthest corner and turned her head steadily away. For fully half an hour Monsieur de Maupas argued and coaxed.

He would marry her he said, if she exacted it, and if the law freed her. Never a word said Daphne, but her lips straightened themselves into a long uncurving line, and the utter contempt she felt for her companion expressed itself in every line of her lovely little face.

And on rushed the train, bearing her every moment further and further away from her husband and her home. It was almost dark by the time they reached Amiens. Feeling dazed and stupefied, Daphne rose from her seat and made her way to the door. Monsieur de Maupas sprang on the platform and held out his hand to her to alight, but she pushed it aside and got out unassisted. She had no notion where to go, or what to do, all she desired was to free herself from his hated presence. Luckily she had her purse with her, she was not penniless.

"We had better go to Le Duc d'Orleans," he said composedly. "I believe it is a very good hotel."

Daphne did not deign to answer, but marched out of the station, closely followed by the young man. There were several fiacres awaiting. Accosting the driver of one, she asked him if he could recommend a quiet and inexpensive hotel, and a minute later she got in, and pulled the door to after her.

"Come, Daphne, this is carrying things too far," cried Monsieur de Maupas angrily. "Of course I am coming with you."

"I absolutely decline to permit you to do any such thing." Daphne held her small head very high. "Drive on," she said to the coachman.

But the young man was not to be shaken off so easily. He sprang into the fiacre and followed as rapidly as possible. While she was still in the entrance hall he came to her side.

"Let us be friends," he said uneasily. "I will urge nothing that is repugnant to you. I swear it."

Daphne looked him blankly in the face as if she had never seen him before in her life. "Monsieur evidently mistakes me for someone else," she said in a loud, clear voice, for the benefit of the landlady and a couple of servants; "I have not the honor of his acquaintance," and deliberately turned her back upon him.

The next moment she had disappeared up the staircase, Monsieur de Maupas swore fiercely and tugged at the ends of his long mustache, but he was bound to confess himself defeated.

"What a little devil the girl is! I should never have given her credit for so much spirit," he muttered vexedly.

Upstairs, with her door shut and locked and a heavy bureau pushed close to it, to make it doubly secure, Daphne was sobbing wildly and unrestrainedly. Now that she was alone and had nothing to fear, her anger and pride melted away and she felt the frightful position she was placed in and the difficulty of extricating herself from it. It would be impossible to return to Paris until the morning and the poor child trembled at the thought of her husband's anger. She was too m'serable to go to bed, but sat shivering until morning, when she flung herself down and fell asleep, worn out with excitement and misery. When she awoke it was past three o'clock and she sprang up with a cry of consternation. She must have slept nine hours. No one had been near her, but something white on the carpet caught her eye. It was a letter thrust under the door, and before she opened it she knew from whom it came, and her heart sank within her.

A night's rest had somewhat reassured Monsieur du Maupas. Daphne was English, he reasoned; he had taken her by surprise; she must have time to become reconciled to her position. But that in the end she would yield and accompany him, he never doubted. Why not? She did not love her husband; indeed, she openly flouted and mocked him. She had been ready enough to betray his confidence and meet the man who proclaimed himself her lover. That she should seriously wish to draw back now was an absurdity. Monsieur de Maupas had little faith in any woman's virtue, and none in Daphne's. He never supposed it possible that she should feel outraged and indignant at his cold-blooded proposition. It was, to him, the natural climax, and since he was ready to meet her half way, it puzzled him that she should, so late in the day, give herself airs and apo y modesty it was out of the question she could really feel. Therefore he wrote an amorous epistle, couched in terms which brought a hot blush to Daphne's cheeks and the smarting tears to her eyes. She would forgive him! They must not quarrel. She should be allowed to make her own terms, and live where she pleased, and he was her devoted lover.

Daphne set her firm white teeth together and tore this composition into shreds and flung them on the floor. And Raoul de Maupas waited in vain for his answer.

He would not leave the hotel while she was there. It augured well that she had not returned to Paris earlier in the day. He did not know that it was from pure accident that she had not.

And then Daphne, uncertain how to act, longing to return home, yet shrinking from her husband's wrath and just anger, bethought herself of Constance, and her heart leaped appealed to her womanly heart. After her telegram was on its way, she grew more comforted. Constance was so reliant, so sure; she would tell her the whole truth, the shameful story from first to last, and leave herself in her hands.

But there was another night to get through before her sister-in-law could arrive, and it was a very wan, white faced little girl, the ghost of the blooming Daphne, as she crept down stairs, who flung herself weeping into Constance's arms.

"You have come! Oh, how glad I am," she cried hysterically.

It was some time before Constance could gather a fair idea of what had transpired, and her face grew graver as she listened. It would be very hard for Gerald to forgive. That Daphne should have remained two nights in a strange hotel as Monsieur de Maupas was against her.

"I could not help it. I have never seen him. Oh, believe me, Constance. I have only spoken my door twice, when they brought me something to eat. You will tell him this. It is the truth, indeed, indeed it is.

"Is this man here still?"

"I don't know," sighed Daphne. "What does it matter?"

Constance laid aside her bonnet and cloak and smoothed her hair. "Lie down and rest," she said gently. "Shut your eyes and don't fret. I shall be back in a short time—with good news, I trust."

"Where are you going?"

"I will tell you when I come back." She kissed Daphne tenderly, and the girl turned the key in the lock again, and lay down upon her bed. But she could not rest—her brain felt on fire, and Constance was always buzzing and singing in her ears that amounted to positive pain. When Constance came back she was lying very quiet, and thinking she had fallen asleep she sat down by the bedside to determine what her next move was to be. For she had failed in her first attempt. Monsieur de Maupas, with the utmost politeness, absolutely refused what she demanded, a written statement that he had held no communication with Daphne since her arrival at Les Trois Princes, and an unvarnished account of how she chanced to be in his company.

With many regrets, and bows and smirks, Monsieur de Maupas was firm. Madame had voluntarily come away with him, he said, and if she had changed her mind since, it was a fact to be deplored. As for himself, he would make a little tour. He had long wished to go into Italy, and he would not return until this little unpleasantness had passed over. And then he opened the door, and there was nothing left but to walk out. Within two hours Monsieur de Maupas was on his way to England. The game was up. He did not be lieve Gerald over Daphne's treatment of him; it affected his temper a little, his appetite not at all. In a word, he accepted the inevitable and did not allow himself to be unduly disturbed. People such as he rarely do.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The hours wore themselves away and still Daphne slept, and still Constance kept watch by her side. How quiet she was—her face flushed and her little hands hot and dry. Constance was alarmed and tried to rouse her. Daphne opened her eyes and fixed them duly upon her, and then closed them again. Before another nightfall she was tossing and moaning delriously.

"Oh, how thankful I am I came," Constance said to the doctor, who was hastily summoned. "Poor child, poor child."

But Daphne was blessed with a good constitution, although she was so fragile, and was soon out of danger, but she was very weak and would require the greatest care for a long time to come. And all this time nothing had been heard of Mr. Armitage.

While Daphne lay dangerously ill, Constance dare not leave her, and she would not use a pen and ink medium. She must see her brother-in-law herself.

"Go well quickly, my child, and leave me to make your peace with Gerald," she said.

The ts curned down Daphne's pale cheeks. "He will never forgive me, she sobbed. "I know he never can."

It was six days since Daphne left her home when Constance found herself with a quickly beating heart at Mr. Armitage's house. He was at home, and hearing voices, opened the door of the salon.

"I bring you news of Daphne, Gerald," she said, extending her hand, but he did not offer to take it.

"You know!" he ejaculated. "How have you heard from her then?"

"She has been with me."

"With you! Where, then, has that scoundrel—"

"Hush—be patient and I will tell you all."

It was a pitiful tale. Gloss it over as carefully as she might, the erring girl had gone woefully astray, and Gerald's face grew hard and rigid.

"Why have I heard nothing for so long Surely you must have known, Constance, the anxiety and suspense I must be enduring."

And then she told of Daphne's illness and how terribly weak she was still.

"She sent you a message; shall I give it to you?"

"No," Mr. Armitage rose from his chair and began to pace up and down the room. "I thank God she is not the guilty wretch I believed her to be, but by her own confession she is a wilful, treacherous woman, and will be mine no longer. Let her do as she pleases, and go where she will, she shall never come back here."

"Think what you are saying," pleaded Constance. "If you could only know how penitent she is, and what a lesson she has had. Believe me, there is a chance of happiness for you both in the future."

"Life holds nothing for me henceforth."

"Be pitiful—remember she never saw little of the world, she was like a child who plays with fire all unconscious of danger. This man flattered her, made her believe that he was desperately enamored of her, pandered to her vanity, not her heart. When the veil was torn away and she saw him as he was, a vile seducer, she shrank away in horror and loathing, and now—oh, Gerald, it lies in your own hands the future. You will forgive and take her back?"

"I cannot. Constance, you don't know what you are asking. I loved and trusted her; I left her with my kisses on her lips, and she—the woman I blessed with my kiss, I find, with another Judas, betrayed me. It is beyond me to forgive."

"Is your love then dead! Was it so slight, so poor a thing that at the first breath of dishonor it perished?"

His head fell on his hands.

"Shall I tell you what she bid me say, Gerald?"

"No, Constance. The time for pretty speeches and soft words has gone by. My mind is made up. I will never voluntarily see my wife again. She has outraged me beyond the power of such to forgive. I believe in her innocence, so far as actual criminality goes, but I could never trust her again; therefore a life spent side by side would be intolerable for us both."

Constance rose from her chair and crossed the room softly to his side. "I must give you her message because I promised to do so," she said gently. "After that, if you still wish it, I will go back to her. 'Tell him that I know and see how wrong I have been,' she said, 'and ask him to pardon me for the sake of our unborn child.'"

"What!" He sprang to his feet, the color flooding his face, and he seized Constance's hands in both his own, wrung them hard, and turned away that she might not see the tears that were blinding his eyes.

Gerald Armitage and his sister-in-law arrived in Amiens late that same evening. Daphne had missed her kind companion terribly, and was nervously awaiting her sentence. She felt weak and ill, and when the door opened and she saw her husband standing on the threshold, she put out her arms with a little cry of gladness, and fell upon his breast. Constance shut the door softly, and left them together.

"It was worth coming for," she whispered, as she went slowly down the corridor to her own room; "there is a chance of happiness for them both now, and this terrible lesson will not have been in vain."

And then, for almost the first time since she left England, she allowed her thoughts to stray to Basil, and a little anxiety stole over her. She had written one brief note to him, explaining her absence somewhat vaguely, and gave her address as Les Trois Princes, touching lightly on domestic troubles and fixing an early day for her return home; and to this no answer had come. It was a little strange, too, that Miss Baillie had not written. Probably the morrow would bring letters from both; but as peace and sunshine came back to Daphne and her husband, a dim foreboding of trouble in store for herself took possession of her, and when the morrow passed away and there was silence, she could control herself no longer, and wired to England.

"Is all well? I am anxious."

But that, too, remained unanswered. "I must go back, I am quite sure something is wrong," she said, with a trembling lip. "Dear Daphne, do not ask me to linger."

The following day Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Armitage returned to Paris, and the very next train bore Constance to England.

It was not until long afterwards that Daphne learned what had transpired after her elopement. Her husband had not seen her at the station as it chanced, and hurried home blithe and light-hearted. Then to his surprise he found his wife missing, but beyond a momentary disappointment he attached no importance to it, expecting every moment that she would return. But when the hours passed by and still she was absent, he grew extremely anxious. Upon inquiry he found that she had gone out early in the afternoon, ostensibly to Madame Hortense. Mr. Armitage put on his hat and in a few moments found himself in the presence of that lady.

Madame looked a good deal startled and not a little guilty, and her manner confirmed his suspicions that something was wrong.

"She was here then, you say, and remained how long?"

"Oh, monsieur, I forget—I did not notice. It might be one hour, or two, or more."

"Well, as she is not here now she must have gone away some time. Do you know where she went?"

"I, monsieur—how should I know? She told me robbing me work. Mon Dieu! Why for do you coms to me? I know not where Madame is. It is nothing to me. She meet her friend and they go away together. I know no more."

"Her friend!"

"Mais oui—Madame de Maupas. Was that a crime?"

Hortense was puzzled. Why a husband should object to his wife leaving her rooms with another lady she could not understand. That she must be discreet as to the visits of Monsieur Raoul was quite another matter, but she did not think it necessary to hold her tongue about anything else. Indeed she believed that she was helping Mrs. Armitage by proclaiming the fact of her being with Madame de Maupas and throwing him completely off the scent. But she had supplied the missing link all unwittingly. Within five minutes Mr. Armitage was within Madame de Maupas' presence.

"Where is my wife?" he shouted. "I have come for my wife."

"She is not here. Is she then not at home?"

"Yes," Madame de Maupas acknowledged that she had, but had taken her departure shortly before eight o'clock, and the lady disclaimed any further knowledge of Mrs. Armitage's movements.

"Where is your brother?" angrily demanded Mr. Armitage, fearing he hardly knew what.

"He is not in Paris. He is away on business."

At this intelligence the unhappy man hardly knew whether to be relieved or still more anxious.

"You can tell me nothing then?"

"I regret to say that I cannot."

Madame de Maupas rose to signify that the interview was at an end, for she was a little afraid of this stern man, who looked at her so searchingly and accusingly, and perhaps her conscience was pricking her a little.

Mr. Armitage passed out on to the stone corridor and began slowly to descend the steps. Waiting for him by the concierge's room was Angele. He would not have noticed her, but she slipped forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"I can tell you where your wife is," she said in a low voice. "She left this house with Monsieur de Maupas. If she has not returned to her home, she is with him still."

"What grounds have you for making such an assertion? Do you know what you are implying?"

"If you doubt what I tell you, read this," and she thrust into his hand the letter written by Daphne—which she had intercepted. "That was sent to Monsieur Raoul, and it was not the first, nor the second; you must draw your own conclusions as I have done."

Like a man in a dream, Gerald Armitage staggered into the street. All through the long hours of that night he sat and thought, and brooded, and argued with himself; until his brain reeled and his senses grew dim, and inch by inch the ground was slipping from beneath his feet, and his eyes were slowly opening to the sad and bitter truth that was staring him in the face.

"I wonder why she hated me so," cried poor Daphne when her husband told her all this. "She never liked me from the first, but I don't think I ever did her an injury."

No, she had only stolen her lover from her, been guilty of the one unpardonable sin in a woman's eyes. That was all. They talked for hours, Daphne and her husband, she with her hand locked in his, and her bright head pillowed on his shoulder.

"We will have no concealments and no misunderstandings henceforth," said Gerald. "You will be frank and open with me in all things, and I will strive to be patient."

"Oh," cried Daphne, with a sudden gush of penitent tears, "it cuts me to the heart to hear you speak so kindly to me. I, who have acted so ill. I can never, never forgive myself for my wicked folly."

Mr. Armitage gathered the little figure closer to him.

"Love me, my wife," he whispered. "Only learn to love me, dear."

"Oh! I do, I do. I never knew it before. I tried to tell myself that you were harsh and cold, but all the time deep down in my heart there was a feeling that I can never have for anyone else, and now I know that it was love."

Daphne fell on the small shapely hand, but Daphne's eyes were bright and clear as she flung her soft arms upwards and laid them around his neck.

(To be Continued.)

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Appropriate.

Cumso—What are you going to do with that mouse, Johnny?

Johnny Cumso—Use it for bait.

Cumso (astonished)—For bait?

Johnny—Yes; I'm going to try to catch some catfish.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

The Meaning of Words.

"If any one should call, Higgins, I shall not see them."

"Shall I say madam is out?"

"O, dear, no! That would be a falsehood. Say I am not at home."

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T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Trooper Lesslie.

(Written for Saturday Night by H. E. D.)

A cold, dark rainy November Sunday, dismal, dreary and infinitely sloppy, cold, too! Not the sharp crisp frost that braces and invigorates, but a chill penetrating dampness that causes those out of doors to think with longing affection of dry clothes and warm fires, and those within to declare, like Peckniff, additional satisfaction in meditating on the discomforts of their less fortunate neighbors. A dull leaden sky overhead, from whose inky masses a cold rain poured the steady rain, splashing from the dripping roofs to the slippery pavements, and making miniature waterfalls of the overflowing eaves-troughs. Gusts of wind, dying away every few minutes only to gather strength for a fresh attack, swept down the street, tearing suddenly round the corner and sending the umbrellas and hats from the hands and heads of startled pedestrians, and carrying them along in a wanton career with a shrill shriek of triumph. Not a day for a dog to be out, and yet in answer to the clamorous appeal of the bells people are hurrying to and fro to church to sit with wet boots, and a general sense of stickiness through the afternoon service, benefiting possibly their souls by their zeal, but certainly not their bodies. Though a parson's family, we are neither zealous nor imprudent.

"Build a little altar for yourself at home, that's my advice to the sinners, publics in weather like this," says Lance, stretching his lazy length upon the hearthrug. And the family follow it to a man or woman, as the case may be, Marjorie of course excepted.

"Poor dear. I sometimes think that if it were not for Dame Durden's exemplary conduct there would have been a public warning long ago, for the rest of us are little credit to the cloth.

"Oh, pooh!" returns Madeline with lofty indifference. "They can't suppose that because the governor happens to be a clergyman they may us all body and soul for the use of the church.

"If they ever cherished any such fond idea they are certainly undeceived by this time, so far as we are concerned, my dear," returns Lance, laughingly. "Nevertheless, propping his curly dark head on his hand and gazing into the fire, "estimating your attractive character at its proper value, I beg to reiterate my statement that if it were not for your elder sister's popularity we would probably have been long ago enjoying the delights of a soldiers' barrack. The bishop hates the governor and would have been only too glad to have listened to any complaints against him, and packed him off to Kalamazoo or some other popular center, for the rest of our natural life. And how would you have managed to exist, deprived of the united admiration of your military admirers and the festivities of a barrack town?"

"What rubbish you do talk, Lance," returns Madeline disdainfully. "When you mention you always sound like a mixture of Paley's philosophy and Miss Austin's novels. Look at Dick!" holding up a sketch on which she had been employing her unprofitable Sabbath afternoon. "It is Aunt Craddock," in an explanatory tone, "the night she hid behind the hall door, when Captain Norris was here, to listen to what we were saying."

"By love, you've struck it off beautifully," says the boy, with a burst of laughter.

"Poor Norris! I never saw a man look more astonished when he accidentally discovered her by listening against the door."

"Horrid old spy!" exclaims Madeline, indignantly; "and it was only the week before that! I found her out in the pantry, leading off the dining room, when I went out to get another wine glass."

"I remember, Dyncourt and McDermott were here to supper. Charming old party, and no mistake," says Lance reflectively; "more fitted for a lunatic asylum, though, than a private house, and would be there too, I suppose, if Marjorie didn't insist on keeping her because she is homeless and friendless."

"The worst of it is," mournfully, "people think so much of heredity nowadays that I may come to the conclusion we are all tarred with the same stick. *Apropos* of the subject, you might ask Bridget to take her tea up to her own room and bring ours in here, so that we may have one meal in peace."

"It is too late now, for here she is—Marjorie, I mean—laughing, and some sans with her.

A small person is Marjorie to head such a large and disorderly household—an old head on very young shoulders—with golden locks, and jaunty, Lance's dark picturesque grace, and the twins' fairness and golden locks, and yet withal a very attractive face, small and pale, with large gray eyes, shadowed by long black lashes, and dusky, soft brown hair.

Close behind her strides a soldierly young fellow, whom neither Lance nor Madeline have ever seen before. The twins appear to know him though, for they rush clamorously forward, and Douglas grasps him firmly by the arm, while Theo contents himself with clasping the hand that holds the short swagger stick, and introducing him to the room in general, as, "My trooper at pulled me out from under the wheels when my ball wolled in de wead."

"Yes he did," said Marjorie, looking at the trooper with eyes of such deep gratitude that he blushes under his tan like a school boy. "We can never thank you," she goes on, putting an encircling arm round the rescued victim, who has now gained possession of the stick and is anxious to be off.

"He saved Theo's life," she explains, looking round the room. "His ball rolled under the gun carriage, and he ran after it and just as the wheels were going over him, Mr. Lesslie dragged him out. So I got Colonel Lacher to introduce me to him, and brought him home for you all to thank." A handsome fellow, is Marjorie's trooper, and a gentleman, there is no mistaking that; rather distant, and reserved at first, but thawing out wonderfully under the warmth of his reception. For Lance enconsces him in a chair by the fire, round which the twins hover, with offers of cushions and footstools, while Madeline piles him with tea and muffins, and is gracious and friendly to a degree she would have astonished her admirers, whom the young beauty treats with a high-handed indifference that has the effect of reducing them to an abject servility, very trying for her family to witness.

As no man is a hero to his valet, neither is any woman an object of unbounded admiration to her nearest relatives, but it is evident Marjorie is *facilis princeps* in the eyes of the yellow-haired trooper.

"Dashed well-bred looking fellow!" is Lance's comment on the departed guest. "Awfully queer how a man like that came to enlist. Isn't he the sort of fellow though, that many people would feel like questioning about his affairs! Seems rather struck on Dame Durden, don't you think so, Madeline! But take my advice, dear girl, and stick to the Rev. Simon and the flesh pots of Egypt, to use a biblical simile."

"Handsome is as handsome does,' and though the Rev. Simon isn't beautiful, he isn't a bad sort of an old chap; treats me like a brother-in-law already, and wanted to lend me a couple of fivers at the match the other day."

"I hope you did not accept it," says Marjorie, looking at her boy.

"No, ma'am," he returns promptly, "I did not; said, 'Get thee behind me, satan.' Rather funny being tempted by the church. Only decent person I ever met, though.

"They say he has no end of coin. Old Dad, a dry-salter or something, died and left him heaps—lucky beggar. The judicious introduction of a little wealth into my coffers, at this moment, would not come amiss. This—stretching out a shapely foot on a well worn boot—does not look like affluence, does it?"

"Poor old chap! They are shabby," says Marjorie mournfully. "I thought I would be able to give you enough to get a new pair this week; but coal has gone up a dollar a ton, and you see that put my calculations all out and took the surplus money."

"It isn't worth worrying about, old woman," returns the boy, with a light-hearted laugh. "After all, as Madeline truly remarks, it does not matter what a man wears, as it may be eccentricity or neglect when they go seedy, but with a woman it is always poverty. There's the duchess," pointing to Madeline, "a living illustration of Goldsmith's saying about the ills of an old hat bying in the nook of it. Her supreme indifference to the discrepancies of her toilet under the scornful scrutiny of the Parker girls at the football match last Saturday, was really magnificent. There has not been any low lost between them for some months, you know, since Dyncourt deserted their parlors and cast over Madeline's cloud was standing beside her when they passed and took her in from the tips of her shabby shoe to the faded splendor of her last year's hat."

"They are very ill-bred," says Marjorie, flushing hotly. "I am sure I thought you both looked beautiful."

"Poor old dear!" laughed the boy, smoothing the sleek, brown head. "How she ruffles up when her chicks are assailed! Never mind, cum *spiro spero*, some day the star of the Gordons will rise again and burn with inextinguishable lustre."

"Well, it won't be through your exertions," breaks in Madeline coolly. "It was only yesterday Major Leigh told me that if you would study you might be head of the college instead of nearly fool. And since you want to get a commission, and know that the Engineers is the only one that a man without means can enter, one would have thought you would exert yourself a little."

"Leigh is an ass," returns the boy curtly. "I do work, but no one can hope to get ahead of Morris, he is a regular mathematical genius and works like a beaver."

"If you do your best, dear, it is all we ask," says Marjorie, laying her hand upon the rough, black curls, and though Lance makes no reply Marjorie is sure from that moment that if he fails it will not be for lack of an effort.

We see a great deal of Lesslie in the days that follow, Marjorie's "trooper" the household have dubbed him.

"So good of you to take the poor fellow up," says fussy, good-natured little Mrs. Larcher, meeting Marjorie in the drawing-room one evening. "Most distinguished-looking man in the barracks I tell my husband. I would have him at my house, but you know how particular the colonel is, my dear. Says that gentlemen have no right to enlist, and that if they do they must expect to be treated the same as any other soldier. Wrong in his face, I often think, for they hang like Mahomet's coffin, neither in heaven or earth, mistrusted by the officers and disliked by the men, though this man seems to be an exception to the rule so far as the latter are concerned, as the men simply adore him and treat him with more deference than they do most of their superiors. Of course as a clergyman's family you can befriend him without comment, but in my case unfortunately it is different."

"We all like him very much," says Marjorie simply, "and the gratitude is on our side since we saved Theo's life," and then goes away pondering over Mrs. Larcher's words. Yes, there must be a great deal that is unpleasant to such a man in his position both of hardships and humiliation, but the closest proud mouth complains of none of them. He often comes in, just as it is growing dusk, before the gas is lighted and the fireflight glows red and warm over the old oak-paneled room, and the twins climb one on each arm of the armchair, or easy chair, Madeline lounges between them, to be regaled with fairy tales before they are sent off to bed.

At first the presence of this grown-up listener proved rather embarrassing to the story-teller, but when he says, half pleadingly, "I will go if I disturb you, but I would like to go to fairyland with the twins for a little while, for real life is sometimes very bitter," for a moment Marjorie looks sadly at the soldierly young figure in the shadow, "and I, and then without a word takes up the broken thread of the story and goes on as calmly as though the two little lads were her only auditors.

The twins listen breathless with interest, while Hans and Gretchen, after passing through the dark forest of danger, "lone and desolate lands forlorn," are rescued at last by their good genius, and happily married. And the long figure in the shadows looks at the little group and smiles on Gretchen and Gretchen, whom one would dare much to win, and Gretchen has the face of Marjorie.

"Thank-a-kiddy," he says, when the story is finished, rising to depart. "No, I can't stay for any tea to-night, thanks, as I have to be back at the barracks at half-past five, and it only lacks ten minutes to the time," and disengaging himself from the embrace of the twins, who consider him their own special property, he takes Marjorie's hand.

The winter is more than half over and a heavy thaw has set in, blurring the face of the glittering white landscape, when one day the two girls start out to drive across the river to an afternoon tea at the military college.

A cold, raw wind is blowing stiffly across the ice, which, though to all appearances as firm as ever, is beginning to show in places large cracks and fissures, which render it rather unpleasant for the uninitiated, though large teams heavily laden with hay are still crossing from the island.

"Sister go round by the bridge, miss," says Jim, the small groom and general factotum, as he places the hot bricks in the bottom of the sleigh and tucks the robes round them. "And the young miss, as how I'd better come along, for Bess is rare and fresh and she always hated them sentry boxes, as you'll remember, miss."

"No, no, Jim! You can't sit out this raw day with such a cough as you have," says Marjorie decidedly, taking the reins. "Bess will be all right when we get once fairly started. And as for the sentry boxes, as long as one talks to her passing them and keeps a tight rein she goes by as quiet as possible."

Jim, nothing loath to be persuaded, gives a hoarse cough to indicate that the condition of his lungs is quite serious, as Marjorie considers, and saunters back to the warm harness room and the perusal of a penny dreadful with illustrations of corresponding horror, while the young misses spin along an hour way through wind and sleet to their destination.

"Don't be long Madeline!" says Marjorie, with a little shiver, as they reach the barrack door. "This place is like a cave of the winds. I think I will turn the sleigh round and try and get under the lee of the veranda, or we will be blown right down to the lake."

"I won't stay more than a few minutes," returns Madeline, springing out and running briskly up the steps; "for better stuff, I will ask Mrs. Larcher to send out one of the orderlies to hold Bess, and you can come in."

"No, never mind doing that," returns Marjorie, rubbing her chill fingers to restore circulation. "She probably has not a man to spare; there is always such a crowd at her receptions, and it might be very inconvenient."

"Well, I won't stay very long," reiterates Madeline, as the hall door opens.

But alas, for her good intentions. The room is full of battery men, and the pretty *debutante* is soon surrounded by a group of admirers, and there in the warm, flower scented atmosphere the minutes slip away measured very differently from how they are by poor Marjorie, with the blast blowing full in her face and the wind penetrating the thick furs until the robes might be muslin, so inefficient do they seem to keep out the biting cold. Down to a one round whom she can send to hasten the laggard, and she dare not leave Bess even for a second, so restive has she grown. "I suppose I might as well take a turn round," she says at last, casting a hopeless glance at the hall door that seems to have closed for ever. "It will warm Bess up a little and it cannot make me any colder."

But just as they reach Bess's *bete noir*, the sentry box, some one fires a rifle close at hand. With a mad snort of fear the mare bolts down the steep, slippery road, tearing the reins from the grasp of the chill fingers and rushing headlong forward in a wild flight of terror and rage, while the light Russian sleigh swerves from side to side like a child's toy.

How fast they are flying. Oh, on; past buildings, and trees, and fences. It will soon be over; in a few minutes more they will reach the bank; one last mad plunge; and then a battered, mangled heap below.

It is hard for the best of us to face death calmly, to leave this pleasant homelike world, and with unshrinking faith, go we know not where. But when life means youth, and love, and home, then death indeed is bitter, and one will cry for help goes up to the darkening skies.

They are almost on the brink, and all hope of human aid seems gone, when a tall figure springs into the path before them and jumps for the horse's head.

Then ensues a terrific struggle, the maddened animal trying to tear itself from the grasp of those iron hands, kicking, plunging, roaring, biting, but making not one foot of headway, for advance means death.

At last, with an almost superhuman effort, he succeeds in throwing the brute back on its haunches, and a moment later Bess is standing shivering and wrestled with foam, in the grasp of a couple of soldiers, who had seen the runaway and followed as fast as possible. But the man who wrought this result is lying on the ground, white and motionless, with his life almost battered out by those iron hoofs. With a nameless dread at her heart, Marjorie kneels beside him, raises the drooping yellow head that is lying face downward on the snow, and with a pang more bitter than death recognizes her trooper.

Tender hands bear him back to the barracks, and the men cluster round outside in little groups and speak of the life that is ebbing away, for Lesslie is a favorite with them all, and no man there but has experienced some kindness at his hands.

"Is there any one you would like to see?" said the surgeon kindly, after a short examination had convinced him that life with this young fellow was now but a matter of hours. For a moment the lad looked wistfully down the long, empty hospital ward, lit by one pale, flickering lamp.

"No one, thanks," he says gently; "there are some letters addressed on my desk that perhaps you will be good enough to post, with a few lines from yourself to the same addresses, and that's all, thanks, except to say good-bye to the men."

The surgeon had seen many a man die in his time, but never one like this.

"Is there nothing I could do to make you more comfortable," he persists with a strange softness in his tone.

"Nothing, thanks," he says again, turning his face wearily to the wall and closing his eyes. And the old surgeon goes away, biting his gray mustache to conceal his emotion.

"At last I'll send the chaplain; he may be able to talk to him. Hang me if I can. The poor chap can't be left to die like a dog forsooth."

Then the door opens softly, and Marjorie comes in and stands by the low iron cot, looking down on the pallid young face on which death has already set his seal. Suddenly the blue eyes open, and a look of deep content steals on the dying face.

"I knew you would come," he says joyfully, raising the small hand to his lips, with the old chivalrous grace that Marjorie knew so well. "I was trying Theo's plan of shortening time till you came, on a light lease of life. You know he always said things you wanted came quicker if you chut your eyes very tight and thought hard."

"Shortening time." At the words the dumb, strong despair that has dulled every other feeling, breaks down. "Oh, my dear!" she sobs, kneeling by the low white bed, while tears drip down on the strong brown hand that still holds her own. "You have given your life for me."

"But dying is very easy with you beside me, heart of my heart!" he says eagerly. "It was life without you that was bitter; to know that some one else might woo and win you, while I stood by in silence, not able to utter a word, because I had nothing to offer."

"Nothing to offer!" she repeats half wonderingly, looking up at the sweet, firm mouth, and patient, steadfast eyes. "I have everything in the world, since I have you."

They are wonderfully alike, these two loyal natures. In both the same silent endurance, the same unflinching courage, together for the last time. No wild regrets, no wail of lamentation shall mar the solemn sweetness of the hour. On the lad's pale lips rests a calm, ineffable content, and the girl's face, though wan as than the dying one beside her, caught the same deep calm.

"It will only be for a few years, my own," he says, tenderly drawing the pale cheek closer to his own. "And how I will love you through all the ages of eternity!"

By and by the door is pushed softly open, and the doctor comes in accompanied by the chaplain, but after one glance they turn away.

"The end is in better hands than ours, Norwood," he says, rubbing his kind old eyes. "Let us leave them alone till the last. Poor children, it won't be for long."

"A well-bred youngster that, mark my words," goes on the old surgeon, screwing his glass firmly into his eye to bluff his feelings, *bon sang ne peut mentier*. "He has given me some letters to post to his people at home that will tell who he is. A splendid soldier lost to her Majesty, quick as a flash, and hung on like grim death. Chance of recovery! Why, man," contemptuously, "he is literally smashed to pieces!"

Years have elapsed since that dreary winter, and great changes have taken place in the Gordon family. The old rector and Aunt Craddock have joined the great majority. Madeline is married and lives in London, where she had the satisfaction of relegating for two seasons an undisputed belle of numberless routs and crushes, when the sceptre passed into the hands of a young American beauty who has since married one of the leading politicians in the House of Lords. But, at least, she had her day, and a very good one it was. Lance gained his Engineers commission, and is now out in India distinguishing himself in his profession and shedding glory on the military college at which Douglas and Theo are now full-fledged cadets with all the swagger and importance of those illustrious individuals, yet showing withal a tendency for hard work combined with a Scotch doggedness of purpose that promises well for the success of their future career.

How fast they spin along. Oh, on; past buildings, and trees, and fences. It will soon be over; in a few minutes more they will reach the bank; one last mad plunge; and then a battered, mangled heap below.

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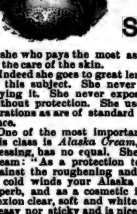

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Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

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A Psychological Idyl.

"Martha, Frank ain't one o' them smart uns; e don't learn fast, do he?"

"Well, no, Daniel; but you know he's a good one to work; and he's such a large-hearted lad."

"Ay, Martha, but he ain't holdin' no candle teh Jim fer git, I allow."

In such wise, often, was the talk of Farmer Fitson and his wife. Their entire family was two sons, James and Frank; but they were honestly proud of both—the father more especially of Jim, the elder, whose intellect the old man thought was "loftier" than that of Frank. Frank did not care for reading that was "dry," nor politics, nor would he converse on the latest dogma; and his interest in newly issued theological novels was a vacuum; all of which his father deemed necessary to a well developed mind. (*Entre nous*, he cared for none of these himself but politics; on that subject he was a maniac.) But if you wanted to know which popular song was rampant, or where was the proper place to catch the largest fish, or the kind of soil a certain crop was best adapted for, or the name and traits of every walking, crawling, flying, swimming, gnawing, boring creature in God's universe, Frank was the man to go to. He was a diligent laborer while work had to be done; but his keenest enjoyment was, on Sunday afternoons, to lie upon his back among the tall rank growth and doze or day-dream while he learned the habits of the teeming insect world which stared deliciously around him. His vacant gaze for hours straight up into the vast blue canopy of ether thoughtfully, and strange fancies filled his brain-box then. With Tillie Rakerd he could say:

> "A great inverted bell these skies,
> Blue as a blossom by the rill;
> They clasp a secret from all eyes."

The Fitsons' farm was in the western part of Canada's great Province of Ontario.

Jim and Frank were muscular and handsome. Jim was dark, Frank blond; Jim twenty-three, Frank twenty-one. If there was an advantage in strength, Frank had it. Each was tall; Jim five feet eleven and a half, Frank six feet—"in their socks."

Mrs. Fitson was not a robust person, and the continual moiling of the farm's domestic life was wearing her away. Before anyone but Frank had realized that she had dropped, she could not leave her bed. The doctor ordered perfect rest and quiet. Frank was fond of his mother to an extraordinary degree. Now that she was ill he sat at her couchside on every opportunity; he became her willing slave and anticipated all her wishes. No one could read to her like Frank; and then they had such jolly talks! It was to her only that he confided his fancies of the grass world and the heavens. Frank's father and brother misunderstood him, but his mother did not.

One exquisitely fine Sunday afternoon, Frank was sitting beside his mother. He leaned back in his chair, his hands clasped loungingly behind his head, his legs straight out, and he was gazing from the window at the truly laughing landscape. The barley was beginning to turn to white, and the sun shimmered on the variegated field of gently swaying beards. Down to the left was an undulating area of deep green oats, and from beyond the barley peeped the rich bronze-tinted crowning sheaves on the shocks of Clawson winter wheat, which had been harvested and capped the day before. Frank took in the beauty of the lower world, and then his eyes swept upward to his loved unfathomed blue. He mused a while.

"Mother," he spoke, "have you ever thought that you would like to soar away up yonder and explore the sky?"

She laughed.

"No; have you?" she asked.

"Yes. I often think I'd like to go up and up and all around, just to look down and see what an insignificant world this is, though beautiful."

Again his mother laughed quite gently, and Frank went on to talk.

"How delectably stupendous it would be," he said, "to rattle round with stars for road-lights! I like that rare old song:

> Up in a balloon, boys!
> Up in a balloon!
> In among the pretty stars;
> Sailing round the moon!

And then you might find out where that fabled land of Heaven is. I should delight to soar!"

"Frank, Frank; Heaven is no fabled land!" beseeched his dying mother.

"You cannot tell," he conjoined thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, you can, Frank; I am going there."

There was no egotism, and such naive faith-pregnance in these words from Mrs. Fitson that Frank sat in subdued silence. He was awed at his parent's earnest mien.

She certainly could not last long; nor did she. They buried her in two weeks from then. The old gentleman and Jim were ostensibly heart-broken; they could do nothing else but sob. Not so Frank.

"How queer!" the neighbors exclaimed. "Frank don't take on at all; an' he was his mother's boy."

He did not sigh and simper; but a big, terrific grief was eating out his heart. He never sang nor whistled now; and he laughed an empty cachinnation but occasionally. His father was too much bound up in self-pity for his own lot to notice Frank was not the same.

Miss Emily Robertson, Daniel Fitson's niece, came to manage in the house at her uncle's invitation. She recognized that Frank was suffering, and pity made her extra kind to him. It was only she who could make him smile. At last he loved her; adored her with a passion deep and fierce as chaos must have been. But he did not show it. His was a nature under tense control; he had a will of nickel steel. One night he went to bring his cousin home at her request, she having gone to see a neighbor who was ill. Their language was desultory for a while.

"Mrs. Colson is so happy, notwithstanding she is dying fast," said Emily.

Frank sighed from the bottom of his soul.

"Like mother!"

That was all he said, but it was fraught with worlds. He before had not let that fond name pass his lips since she had died. Emily was struck that he should choose her as the first to say it to. They walked along in silence for a score of steps.

"Are you sure there is a heaven, Emily!" Frank asked, half-dreamingly.

"How can you doubt it, Frank!" Emily inquired, with a quaint admonishment.

"I do not doubt it; but I am not sure," Frank signified.

"How paradoxically you speak!" laughed Emily, wishing to upset his gloom.

"There must be somewhere!" Frank ejaculated with momentary earnestness. "Such people do not die and cease!"

This was as a flash out of the pent-up lava of his inner fastnesses. Emily had never seen nor heard him act or speak like this before; he was always so very much contained and self-controlled.

They reached a stile; Frank sprang across and turned to help his cousin down. She slipped, and as she fell he caught her in his arms. Her form's electrifying touch compelled a million passion-bearing delectations to surge into furious energy within his spirit man.

"Good God!" he whispered in a hush, "I love you!"

Her golden soft hair brushed against his face; he pressed her to his heart and kissed her. Her blue eyes opened wide in wild astonishment; he read appealing there, and pain. She freed herself, sat down upon the low step of the stile, put her hands to her face, and tears began to trickle through her fingers. Frank felt them warm while he tried to gently raise her head.

"Oh, Frank! what have I done?" she moaned.

He did not know; but he felt as if the distant forest trees were closing in around him so he could not breathe. Dark! Black! Hell's bottomless despair sprang into ruling in his torn up soul. He fought fearfully, but won.

"Forgive me, Emily," he begged, now calm and sheen-faced as the moon. "I let my feelings carry me away; that's all, my cousin."

But still she wept. She spoke.

"Frank," she said, "you ought to understand me right away. I know you love me; any woman would be soulless who did not."

"Yes, Emily," he said perfunctorily.

"But," she went on, "you will bear the pain with me, for I have to tell you that your wish can never be fulfilled. I like you, but I do not love you as a wife should do her choice. I've said it, Frank."

He raised her up, and, neither saying more, they reached the house and separated for the night. Frank's brother Jim came back from town a little later. He had been to buy some college books which he would need. Frank saw him come and the appearance sent a metaphoric dagger into him. Why, Frank could not have said; but there was a latent surmise that Emily loved Jim.

A few days passed. Frank's melancholy settled deeper than before. He would not come near Emily. He had been told that pity was akin to love; but pity was not love, and he hated it. Jim went away to pursue his education, but Frank had involuntarily partaken in a parting tryst between his cousin Emily and Jim. Frank was seeking solace for his soul as usual, alone with Nature, when the lovers came into his retreat. The dimness of the evening made Frank's presence unobtrusive. He dare not move or he would spoil their *tete-a-tete*. At first his anger nearly crimson-blinded him, but it was quickly curbed and subdued.

"Why should I complain?" he introspected. "Jim's a better man than I. I am not learned nor wise enough for Emily. She has done well."

As if she had the choosing where her love should lie! Frank tried to brighten after that, for fear that Emily would suffer agony to see him dull. Her happiness was paramount with him. At night he'd read his mother's books and watch her photograph with longing.

At last Toronto's great Industrial Fair was due; and Mr. Fitson said they'd go. They went, for the first time in Frank's life. It was in the fall of 1889.

Frank looked at all the sights, but was not moved to ecstasy until he saw the parachute aeronaut ascend and drop from the tail of the balloon. That was all he waited for next day. He crowded close to the vast black canvas bag filled out with smoke. He helped to hold it down; it seemed to get alive. Frank felt a thrilling in his arms, and he could scarcely get his breath for wild delight. The air-ship surged and swayed deliciously; it pulled like longing to get free. At length sufficient smoke was in.

"Let go!" cried out the aeronaut.

And everybody did—but Frank.

He clung to the rising mass with the fierceness of determination, while horror-generated noiselessness fell on the upturned faces of the crowd. The aeronaut, from his perch on the trapeze bar underneath the folded parachute, looked up at Frank, and his face whitened, too—a man who knew no fear. Frank did not see him, and he shouted up:

"For God's sake keep your hold!"

Frank's eyes were bulging from their beds; his face was stony as the visage of the Venus in the museum at the Normal School.

Up! up! Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, seventy, ninety, one hundred feet, and higher yet. A wall of awful anguish rose from the waiting people. Frank's fingers loosened, then let go. He dropped. Feet first, straight downward for a distance; then he turned upon his side, his back; his arms flew out. The velocity was dizzying; his rushing through the air was as the roaring of a furnace blast. He struck a garden seat and crushed it into slivers by the shock. His body bounded up ten feet, then fell again upon the sod, a mass of broken bones. His soul had soared away toward his worshipped ether in search of heaven and his mother.

There was overwhelming excitement in the grounds, and Frank's friends came up, appalled.

All kinds of theories why he had kept a hold on the balloon were hurled about. Each newspaper in the morning had a different one, but the majority advanced the belief that Frank, in consequent on excitedly clutching the vibrating canvas, had brought contraction of the nerves and the unfortunate result. Frank had no volition to unclasp his fingers till it was too late.

Frank's brother Jim and his cousin Emily stood together while they looked at the manly form now crushed. Emily recalled the evening at the stile, but she did not speak one word.

"He's gone; he's dead, said Jim. This has no doubt resulted from his foolish way of trying to do things that other people never would attempt. He was always in a dream, Emily. I fear that Frank was not quite sane."

But Emily only wept and said:

"Poor boy!"

JOHN A. COPELAND.

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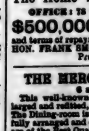

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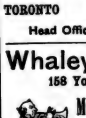

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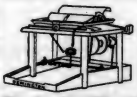

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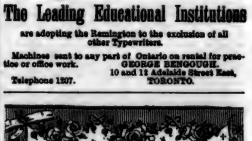

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'Varsity Chat.

A GREAT deal is said and written about the great unlettered and the folly of placing into their hands the right to the franchise, but I do not suppose they exercise their right to vote more blindly than graduates of the 'Varsity do in matters that concern their *alma mater*. The second triennial elections to the Senate take place in September and many graduates will take no interest in the contest. They will allow a few to do all the work and will fill in their ballots without really knowing anything about those for whom they vote. If asked about the vote they cast they will reply, "Oh, well, Mr. So-and-so said to me, 'Just fill in your ballot for these men,' and I did so, as I did not want to be bothered. What do I care for the University, anyway? I am out of it and will never return." This is no highly colored picture but an actual statement of what has taken place, and if human nature is to be trusted the same will occur again.

During the next week a number of "wind up" lectures will be delivered, and many will be glad to give all their time to reading and reflection.

There is a movement on foot among the members of the Y. M. C. A. to establish a series of University sermons, and correspondence is being conducted on the proposal. The association is also endeavoring to unite with associations of other colleges with a view to supporting in unison Canadian missionaries in Corea. During the past year the association has held 23 general meetings, and these have been more largely attended than was formerly the case. A special feature of the work is the holding of prayer meetings organized in each college year and among the pupils of the School of Practical Science. The membership has recently been carefully revised, and the following are the newly elected officers of the association: Mr. C. R. Williamson, '92, president; Mr. E. A. Henry, '92, 1st vice-president; Mr. A. R. Gregory, '93, 2nd vice-president; Mr. W. J. Knox, '93, treasurer; Mr. R. G. Scott, '94, recording secretary; Mr. John Ross, '94, councillor; Mr. J. W. Francis, representative of the School of Practical Science; Mr. John McNichol, B.A., general secretary.

Next week the medicals will apply themselves to the task of writing down what they know in reply to questions on the examination papers.

Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A., presided at the annual meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society. The report of the secretary, Mr. G. R. Anderson, showed that the work accomplished during the year had been of a high standard, and that the society was in every respect in a flourishing condition. Some amendments to the constitution were adopted, the most important being that restricting the membership to graduates and students in the departments of mathematics and physics in the University and in the School of Practical Science, and another brought in by Mr. McLennan, providing for two vice-presidents instead of one. Mr. T. R. Rosebrugh, B.A., of the School of Practical Science, read an excellent paper on "The Mechanics of the Piano Mechanisms," in which he dealt with the velocity and force of various combinations of jointed bars analogous to that of the crank of the steam engine by the method of "Graphic Statics." This method is very ingenious, and its applications render very simple a number of otherwise troublesome problems in kinematics of machinery. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mr. C. A. Chant, B.A.; 1st vice-president, Mr. G. R. Anderson; 2nd vice-president, Mr. A. Lindsay; recording-secretary, Mr E. E. Reid; corresponding secretary, Mr. J. M. Warren; councillors, Messrs. J. E. Moore, J. H. Bruce and J. A. McArthur.

The affiliated colleges hold their examinations earlier than ours, and this allows men who take our examinations an opportunity to specially read for the same. They pass from pastime to work.

The students of Knox College held their seventh annual supper in the dining hall of the college Tuesday evening, Mr. W. H. Johnston, B.A., presiding. A number of graduates were present, and the whole affair was a success. The menu was excellent, and after ample justice had been done to it the toast list was taken up. The first was to the Queen, and was dealt with in an enthusiastic manner. Mr. J. S. Davidson, B.A., and Mr. D. M. Marvin in glowing speeches told of the growing power and influence of their *alma mater*. Mr. N. Lindsay, B.A., proposed the toast to the professors so acceptably as to obtain replies from Prof. Gregg, Prof. McLaren, Prof. Thompson, and Dr. Kellogg. A number of graduates were brought to their feet in response to the toast proposed to them by Mr. T. McLaughlin, B.A. The special qualities of the class of '92 were efficiently dealt with by Mr. W. G. W. Fortune, B.A., Mr. John McNair, B.A., and Mr. W. H. Grant, B.A. Mr. J. K. Amott, B.A., and Mr. J. R. Sinclair, B.A., pictured the life that was in store for the present class of undergraduates. The relations of the sister colleges to Knox were dealt with by Mr. W. Cooper, B.A., and his sentiments were responded to by Mr. J. H. Borland and Mr. H. S. McKitrick. The grace and beauty of the ladies of Toronto and elsewhere were pictured in fine colors by Mr. A. E. Reilly and Mr. P. McNabb. Mr. R. W. Ross, B.A., made some sensible remarks regarding the press, and Mr. D. Spear, B.A., in a neat speech reminded all present of the good qualities of their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Fullarton.

JUNIOR.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Griffin of Main street gave a delightful At Home, which was considered by many to be one of the prettiest teas of the season. The table was a study in pink and was decorated with silver lamps with the daintiest of pink shades and a silver bowl of pink roses. Mrs. Griffin wore a very pretty gown of black lace and was assisted by her sister, Miss Moore and Miss Sanford, the former wearing a becoming gown of black *faille*, with a very *chic* hat. Mrs. Frank Wanzer sang a very pretty song during the afternoon. Mrs. Sanford and Mrs. Moore assisted at the table, and the former was much admired in gray *faille* with white orchids. Among those present were Mesdames Bristol, Mackay, Moore, Briggs, Scott, Mackelcan, Husband, Morgan, O'Reilly, Osborne, Woolverton, Misses O'Reilly, Briggs, Leslie, Somerville, Mills, Reanie, Case, Osborne, Springer, Messrs. Southam, Livingstone, Moore, Schofield, Goldie, Drs. O'Reilly, Beemer and Reanie.

Mrs. J. D. Hay left on Friday morning, having spent a week here, the guest of Mrs. Hendrie, the Holmstead.

Miss Small of Toronto who has been visiting Mrs. Bruce, Cotthell, left on Monday.

Mrs. Lucas, Rowanhurst, gave a small and delightful tea on Thursday afternoon. Those present were: Mesdames Hendrie, Jones, Harris, Walker, Yates, Bankier, Hay, Mackelcan, Murray, Morris, Misses Watson, Leggat, Hobson, Dunlop, McGiverin, M. McGiverin, Rowe, Harvey, Hendrie, Ramsay, Bruce, Small and Baker.

Miss Biggar of Belleville was the guest of Mrs. Burton, Kenwood Lodge. Mrs. Burton gave a charming tea on Tuesday in her honor. Those present were: Mesdames Harris, Wood, Jones, Hendrie, Morris, Mills, Walker, Misses Tudor Baker, Harvey, Rowe, Watson, Dunlop, Small, Bruce, Leggat, Ramsay, Hendrie.

Miss Dyment of Barrie is the guest of Mrs. Chapman, Herkimer street.

Miss Gould of Brantford has been spending a few weeks with Miss Sinclair, Herkimer street.

Mr. Hugh C. Baker left for London, England, last weeks, where he intends spending two months.

Messrs. J. Hendrie, Mills and Foster, left for the St. Clair Flats on Monday for goose shooting.

Mrs. Ramsay of Dunedin will be At Home on Wednesday from five till seven.

The Temple of Fame was given again on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and was as great a success as on the former occasion, and standing room only was the order of the night at Association Hall on these three evenings and a matinee. No one can imagine a prettier picture than this performance presents, the white and gold temple in which the Goddess of Fame sits and listens to the claimants for the crown which she is to bestow upon the most deserving and which is eventually given to the mother, she having the most noble work in this world. Among the characters represented were: Queen Isabella of Spain, Mrs. Woolverton; Queen Elizabeth, Miss Hewitt of Brantford; Mary Queen of Scots, Miss A. Hobson; Queen of Sheba, Miss Hendrie; Ruth, Mrs. Aldous; St. Cecilia, Miss Fairgrieve; Miriam and her Maidens, Miss Schumacher; Canada, Miss Robinson; Empress Josephine, Miss E. Turner; Girl of the Twentieth Century, Miss M. Bell; Grace Darling, Miss M. Mills; Cleopatra, Miss O'Donnell; Helen of Troy, Miss McKinnon; Rosa Bonheur, Miss Stuart; Tabitha Primrose, Mrs. McArthur; Florence Nightingale, Miss Findlay; Sister of Charity, Miss Wilson; Jenny Lind, Mrs. Fenwick, and many others who added much to the beauty and brightness of the entertainment.

Miss Robertson is the guest of Mrs. Western of Hughson street.

Mr. Horatio Gates has returned from Sarenac Lake, where he spent the winter, and is much improved in health.

Mrs. Jas. Walker of Chicago has returned home after having spent a few weeks, the guest of Mrs. E. T. Steele of Jackson street.

It is expected that a large party will attend the Easter dance, to be held at Woodstock on Easter Monday, to be given by the ladies of that place.

SYLVIA.

ONE PROOF of a good thing is the attempt to COUNTERFEIT * * OR IMITATE IT

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

MELISSA

Stands alone as a Satisfactory Rainproof Garment.

MELISSA IS THE BEST

beyond a doubt, and it is not only the best but it is the only thoroughly reliable, healthful, porous, odorless, Rainproof Fabric in the World. Now, that is pretty strong language, but it is as true as it is strong.

The season for rainproof wraps is here again.

There are several, so called, Porous, Odorless, Waterproofs in the market, some of them will be found absolutely worthless as Waterproofs; others will appear to stand one or two showers, but then it will be discovered that the proofing substance has washed away entirely and left the fibre of the cloth hard and brittle. Another, the most unreliable and useless of the lot, will be discovered to be proofed only in spots; the tail of a garment may be all right while the shoulders let water through like ordinary cloth, one shoulder may be right and the other all wrong. Wearers themselves will have to find out the frauds, and their experience will be both disappointing and expensive. Not so with MELISSA, for the proofing is done on an entirely different basis and cannot be successfully counterfeited or imitated. The process instead of destroying the fabric, preserves and strengthens it, so that its rainproof qualities are maintained intact to the very end. It is practically impossible for a Melissa Garment to be unevenly proofed, and the above trade mark is an absolute guarantee, not only that the proofing is uniform, but that the material is of excellent quality and thoroughly reliable in every respect.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. TRADE MELISSA MARK. WARRANTED RAINPROOF REGISTERED

All classes of Melissa Cloth, in the piece, will be sold to retail dealers through the Wholesale Dry Goods, Millinery, and Woollen Houses only, and a large variety of beautiful patterns of

MELISSA CLOTH FOR LADIES' CLOAKINGS, ETC.

are now being shown by the travellers of the houses handling these goods.

Men's and Youths' Garments will be sold as heretofore, through J. W. MACKEDIE & CO.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL.

WHEN YOU BUY A RAINPROOF GARMENT YOU WANT THE BEST NOT ONE THAT IS PROOFED ONLY IN SPOTS. YOU WANT "MELISSA."

Medical Science; Why It Fails

Why is it that all treatment for the cure of disease should be without a principle further than the effects that may be produced, which is simply experimental? The practice of medicine is called a science. What science is there in saying to a sick person take this, and if it does not make you feel better, I will prescribe something else for you, and this same thing continues from day to day until nature effects a cure and succeeds in offsetting the drugs administered, for this, that, or the other *supposed* ailment, or else succumbs to them.

Before a physician can intelligently treat any disease, he ought to know chemically the cause producing it. It is by chemical agencies that everything organic becomes changed, and these changes produce the various diseases afflicting humanity. These chemical changes are brought about by the activity of the Bacteria. *Practically there is but one disease*, and that one is inflammation, which is due to fermentation in the part affected. Why in practice should the schools of medicine teach that various diseases so called, should have distinct and different treatment? As an illustration we will take erysipelas, catarrh, rheumatism, common or specific ulcers, fevers, etc. The theory is that these require each, a different treatment and so are treated differently.

What is the first object in treating any disease? It is to reduce or subdue the inflamation, *which really is fermentation.* What becomes of it? If there were different inflamations it would be proper to use different remedies. There is however, but one inflamation chemically and the same chemical principle applied will reduce the action of the inflamation in any part of the system no matter by what name designated.

The only difference in treating these fermentations with one and the same chemical element, is that it must contain a stronger proportion of its ferment destroying qualities, in where fermentation has set up in some vital organs than in others. If the schools of medicine were to require a higher standard of chemical examination, there would be a probability of the practice of medicine becoming in time scientific, and the practitioners would be able to logically demonstrate, *why* they prescribe medicines, instead of as now being absolutely experimental.

SUCH A REMEDY AS IS ABOVE OUTLINED IS

"RADAM MICROBE KILLER"

which is manufactured and put up in "three strengths," thus complying fully with all the requirements of an "Anti-Septic," "Anti-Ferment," used internally or externally. Several thousand persons living in Canada can now and do testify that we are right as to the "true cause of disease," because we do cure the sick in the manner as above set forth.

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Grand's Repository

Annual Horse Show

WILL TAKE PLACE THIS YEAR

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

April 21, 22 and 23

ON THE

Old Upper Canada College Grounds

Cor. King and John Streets, Toronto

Under an Immense Canvas Pavilion (325 x 250 feet), especially imported and erected for this occasion, with

Seating Capacity for 4,000 Spectators

In addition to 75 Handsome Private Boxes containing from four to six chairs each.

Also a space of 300 x 15 feet has been allotted for a promenade immediately in front of the boxes and seats. The stables will be adjacent to the show ring, with accommodation for 300 horses.

The splendid collection of horses (about 200) which Mr. Grand and special expert buyers employed by him have purchased during the past eight months for the Great Annual Spring Sale, which takes place the following week, will be shown in all their various classes, equipped in magnificent new English brass and silver-mounted harness and appointments, together with handsome new vehicles, including four-in-hand drags, T and dog carts, Tilburys, Victorias, etc. The saddle horses, comprising heavy and light weight hunters, ladies and gentlemen's Park hacks, etc., will be shown in the ring and ridden over jumps. All the thoroughly-trained, high stepping four-in-hands, tandems, matched pairs and single dog cart horses, cobs, ponies, etc., will be driven by Toronto gentlemen.

Amongst the numerous other attractions the following liberal premiums will be offered by Mr. W. D. Grand:

CLASS 1.—For Thoroughbred Stallion best calculated to improve the breed of horses in Canada—Prize, $150; $80 to first; $50 to second; $20 to third; entrance $2.

CLASS 2.—For best Hackney Stallion (any age)—Prize, $150; $80 to first; $50 to second; $20 to third; entrance $2.

CLASS 3.—Special prize $50 for the most stylish and the best appointed gentleman's pair; turnout to be shown before an appropriate vehicle, the entire outfit and general display to be considered; entrance $2.

CLASS 4.—Coachman's prize, to be competed for by professional coachman in livery; the best performance, style and clever handling a pair of horses and carriage in the ring. Prize, $40; entrance free.

CLASS 5.—For professional coachmen in livery driving a single horse and trap. Prize, $35; entrance free.

CLASS 6.—Hunters' prize, for saddle horse or hunter; best performance over six 4-foot jumps; conformation and general good manners also to be considered. Prize, $50.

CLASS 7.—Queen's Hotel prize, a silver cup kindly donated by the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto; for gentlemen drivers only; best and most masterly handling of a pair of horses and carriage in the ring; entrance free.

In classes 4, 5 and 7 horses and carriages will be furnished by Mr. Grand.

Entries close Saturday, April 2

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: Mr. George Torrance, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Major Mead, Dr. Andrew Smith, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Col. Otter, Mr. L. Meredith, London; Dr. McEachran, Montreal; Mr. William Hendrie, jr., Hamilton; Mr. Harry Hamlin, Buffalo; Mr. John Hope, Brantford; Mr. Montague Allan, Montreal; Dr. Greenside, Guelph; Mr. James T. Hyde, New York; Captain Barker, Boston; Dr. MacLean, Meaford; Mr. S. S. Spaulding, Buffalo.

The Pavilion will be brilliantly illuminated by a grand display of electric lights, and the band of the Queen's Own Rifles in attendance each afternoon and evening. No expense or trouble has been spared to make this the most magnificent and popular horse show ever afforded the public in Canada, the intention being ultimately to inaugurate a genuine Canadian Annual Horse Show, which will favorably compare with the Royal Agricultural Society's shows of Great Britain, from whence the importation of many of the best prize animals to our country so large a number of our celebrated horses have sprung. The unequalled reputation our Canadian horses have acquired throughout both America and Europe fully accounts for the ever steadily increasing demand year by year, which fully warrants our belief that Canada will eventually become the greatest horse country in the world.

Return tickets will be issued on all railroads at a fare and a third from any station to parties of eight or more attending the Horse Show.

Also all horses shipped to the city for exhibition at this Show will be returned by the railroads, if not sold, at half-fare.

THE GREAT ANNUAL SPRING SALE

Will take place as stated above

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the Following Week

APRIL 26, 27, 28 and 29

when upwards of three hundred 300) horses of all descriptions and classes will be offered for public competition to the highest bidders, sale commencing each day at 10 o'clock sharp.

W. D. GRAND

Proprietor Grand's Repository, Toronto

Social and Personal.

The opening night at the Athenæum Club last Monday was a brilliant success, so far as an immense attendance and every effort on the part of the hosts of the evening could make it so. The unusual sultriness of the weather for this time of year made the temperature of the dancing-room in the basement something tropical, to say the least; but to those who were not determined to dance, the many cosy sitting-rooms, chess-rooms, the spacious billiard-hall and bowling alley, the galleries and the gymnasium gave ample room to roam comfortably. It is truly a *tout ensemble* of which Toronto may be proud, and the push and energy which have brought this beautiful structure to completion will no doubt carry it on triumphantly on the road to success. Every comfort, convenience and luxury that a club could demand is duly and amply provided. Marcicano's orchestra played in the billiard-hall, while the inimitable Gilonna discoursed to the dancers *en bas*. The billiard tables and bowls were kept going all the evening, and a *recherche* supper was provided. The members were proudly pleased, and marshalled their sisters, cousins, sweethearts and other feminine belongings, from attic to basement, amid a chorus of soprano compliments. Owing to the immense crowds I was able to get only a faint idea of who were present, but I can add another voice to the universal praises of hosts and *hostelrie*.

*

Letters of regret were received from the president of the Columbia Club, Washington, the Ottawa A. A. Club, the Michigan Athletic Club, the Detroit Athletic Association, the Montreal A. A. A., and several prominent citizens whose engagements were too pressing to be neglected. A few of the three thousand guests were: Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Smith, Messrs. Millican, Laidlaw, McMurray, Leach, Hope, Creelman, Howarth, Winslow, Denison, Eddis, Acheson, Boeckh, Howland, Broughall, Brough, Mason, Hamilton, Cox, Cameron, Doolittle, Buck, Persse, Cotter, Goodman, Pringle, Tarbutt, Madden, Scadding, Spink, Rose, Scales, Wilson, Pyne, Foy, Garvin, Henderson, McVittie, Haldenby, J. E. Thompson, Edwards, Cumberland, Carruthers, Ardagh, Howland, Nicholls, Whatmough, Olliver, Fleethrook, Pearson, Burgess, Dineen, Darby, Stuttaford, Macfarlane, Foy, Morphy, Vickers, Buchan, Hodgins, Aylesworth, Kerr, Gillespie, Mathews, Warren, Badenach, Gray, Sheridan, Sproule, Mackenzie, Howson and Morrison.

*

Mrs. George H. Baird has been receiving her friends this week. That Mrs. Baird still holds Miss Worden's place in their affections was shown by their hearty congratulations to her in her new *role* as hostess. Mrs. Baird will be At Home on Tuesdays, for the remainder of the season, at 25 Surrey place.

*

Miss Macbeth-Milligan left last Tuesday for Brantford to visit Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of that city.

*

Mrs. Albert Brown will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, at her home, 58 Yorkville avenue.

*

Mrs. George Tait Blackstock, who has been an invalid in New York for the past two months, is progressing favorably. Her many Toronto friends will be most glad to welcome her back to their midst when her health permits of her return to Toronto.

*

Mrs. Riordan of the Queen's Park gave a progressive euchre party last evening.

*

Mrs. Olive Winans has, I regret to learn, been for some time an invalid. Toronto social circles cannot afford to lose the presence of this charming lady, and I hope soon to chronicle her complete recovery.

*

Mr. Carter Troupe gave one of his delightful teas on Friday of last week, in his rooms at Trinity College. The invited guests were Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Totten and the Misses Hugel, accompanied by Miss Kilby and Mr. Courtenay Thorpe of Rosina Vokes' company, Messrs. C. Hedley, G. Hebard and C. McInnes.

*

The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club's rehearsals of Mrs. Burton Harrison's three act comedy, A Russian Honeymoon, are progressing most favorably, and everything bids fair for a very good amateur performance. The lady managers of the Orphans' Home are deeply interested, as the proceeds of the entertainment will go to the benefit of the Home. Mrs. John Cawthra of Beverley street and many others purpose giving large theater parties on the opening night, Friday, April 22. Miss Jardine Thomson, who takes the leading part, will give one of the prettiest pieces of amateur acting ever seen in Toronto. Miss Thomson's dresses will also be something new to the eye of Torontonians. Mr. William Kirkpatrick of the Bank of Toronto, who takes the leading old man part, has a hamperful of Russian proverbs to announce which will be highly amusing to his many friends. The performance being under the patronage of Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston, the amateurs should have a well filled purse to hand to the Orphans' Home management.

*

Miss Sadie Murphy of London is visiting friends in the city.

*

A party of young Toronto gentlemen have gone to Hamilton for a few days' holidays. The event of the trip was a surprise party and dance last evening.

*

Mrs. Ramsay Wright gave a charming little tea on Sunday. The guests were: Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. T. Foster, the Misses Hugel and Miss Marion Kilby, Messrs. T. Foster, F. Darling, G. Greig, Courtenay Thorpe and Grant Stewart.

*

The Mystery Social Club held a very enjoyable At Home on Friday evening, March 25, in Prof. Thomas' parlors, which was a pronounced success. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, and excellent music was furnished by Mr. Carkeek and his well known orchestra. Among the guests assembled the following were noticed: Mr. W. J. Trimble, Mr. and Mrs. Galloway, Misses A. and N. Jones, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. D. Glass, Miss and Miss A. Davis, Miss Elliot, Mr. G. A. Pringle, Mr. A. Spalding, Misses A. and M. Huston, Mr. T. E. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hay, Mr. J. H. Jackson, Mr. J. Shanklin, Miss and Miss E. Carpenter, Miss Jackson, Miss Davis, Mr. W. Robertson, Miss Walker, Mr. B. Latimer, Miss Rolly, Miss Taylor, Misses G. and A. Linton, Mr. W. Simpson, Mrs. Jennings, Mr. W. Jardine, Mr. T. Pator, Miss Clink, Miss Gatherclo, Mr. S. Culbert, Mr. Harris, Mr. C. F. Beswick, Mr. A. W. E. Hancock, Mr. J. H. Trimble, Mr. Swinton, Miss Copping, Miss Campbell, Sergeant Butcher, Miss Thornton, Miss McGinn, Mr. H. Booth, and Mr. W. Munro.

*

Mr. Nelles, a well known society favorite, is, I am told, about to leave Toronto.

*

Mrs. Gerald S. Hayward of Larchmount, N. S., formerly of Toronto, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Hall of Jarvis street.

*

Miss Tena Hughes has gone on an extended visit to New York.

*

Mrs. T. W. Dyas was At Home on Thursday to a large number of friends.

*

Miss Annie McLaine has gone to Boston for several months' visit.

*

Miss Marjorie MacMurchy will spend the Easter holidays in St. John, N. B.

*

Mr. Alex. Campbell of York, Penn., formerly well known in Toronto, is making a success in the city of his adoption. "Allie" will get on, if push and attention are the means to that end.

*

Mr. Murray White has gone to Chicago.

*

Very few social gatherings have taken place this week. The solemnities of the Passion week services are attracting large numbers of pretty society folk—who never look so like the angels they are as when, prayer book in hand, serious of visage, and with downcast eyes, they glide into their favorite house of prayer.

*

Mrs. Homer Dixon's reception, which was to have taken place last Thursday, was obliged to be postponed on account of the illness of Mrs. Dixon. The many friends who were unable to pay their respects to this amiable lady on that occasion, will be glad to know that she is now very much better and able to be about again. Timely notices were thoughtfully sent of the change of arrangements for Thursday afternoon, and beyond the regret felt at the cause of the postponement, no inconvenience was suffered.

*

Dr. and Mrs. Hall of Jarvis street received the Belle Euchre Club last Tuesday evening. About fifty players were present and received the kind and perfect hospitality of their popular hosts. Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. C. Maddison, Mr. and Mrs. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher.

*

The French Club had a most charming meeting last Saturday at Mrs. Beard's, 317 Jarvis street. Miss Brown undertook the duties of hostess and was most successful. The club meets this evening at the residence of Mrs. Clarke, 37 Wilton crescent.

*

One of the coming events which deserves and will receive every social encouragement is the horse show, which begins on Thursday, the 21st inst. Mr. Grand has had an immense canvas pavilion erected on the old Upper Canada College grounds, which will seat 4,000 people. Canvas stables, holding 300 horses, are adjoining and Mr. Grand assures me that never before in Canada were so many magnificent animals gathered together. The bands of the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers have been engaged and nothing more delightful and novel can be conceived than the programme which will be presented. On Thursday evening, which by the way will be made a gala night, a detachment of the mounted police will go through their evolutions, when a prize of $50 will be given to the hunter who does the best work over six four-foot jumps, and for this twenty-six horses have been entered. Fifteen entries are booked for the Queen's Hotel cup for the best driving of a pair, and among these entries are the names of the best known gentleman drivers in the city. Tandems and four-in-hands will close the evening performance. The arrangements for the comfort of those attending are most complete. Private boxes are in the outer tier with a promenade in front of them. Every accident has been guarded against, and as gay a scene may be expected as the horse show in Madison Square Gardens in New York, which was the most fashionable event of last season, all the "Four Hundred" turning out. The Royal Agricultural Show in England, patronized by the Prince of Wales, is the model Mr. Grand has taken, and he certainly deserves success, for he has spent a vast deal of money on the enterprise, and it will be good for Toronto, as well as a delightful season of something different to what we have been used to.

*

A charming tea was given by Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross on Thursday of last week. The fair hostesses were assisted by Mrs. R. Capreol and Miss Capre Mrs. Prince wore a most beautiful gown of white silk and gold passementerie; Mrs. Capreol wore nile green silk; Miss Ross, pearl gray silk, and Miss Capreol, red silk. The refreshment table was a lovely sight, the floral decorations of tulips and carnations being most artistic. Among those present were: Mrs. H. Totten, Mrs. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mr. Awdry Hoskin, Mrs. Arkell, Mrs. H. V. Payne, the Misses Todd, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Risley, Mrs. A. Aylesworth, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Leonard Leigh, Professor Baker, Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis, Mrs. James O'Brien and others.

*

Miss Parsons, who entertained a juvenile party one evening lately, was not, as stated, of the Queen's Park.

*

Mr. Crowther of 340 Bloor street west gave a most elaborate and delightful smoking party last Tuesday evening.

*

Rudyard Kipling, the eminent author, passed through Canada this week *en route* for Robert Louis Stevenson's residence in Samoa.

*

Sir Donald A. Smith has been chosen a member of the Athenæum club of London, England.

*

Miss Georgia Merrill of Wellesley street has returned to the city after a very pleasant visit with friends in Belleville.

*

Cards are out for a fancy dress party to be given by Mrs. R. S. Williams on April 19.

R. WALKER & SONS

("Place aux Dames")

LADIES' MANTLES

CARMEN, $7.50 to $20

ANDALUSIENNE, $12 to $25

NEVER was such a collection of Beautiful Garments brought together in one Showroom in Canada before.

Five Hundred and Sixty-five Unique Designs

(EVERY ONE DIFFERENT)

The Most Fashionable Styles of Paris, London and New York

MADE BY THE BEST CONTINENTAL TAILORS

NATTY JACKETS
BECOMING COATS
CHARMING CAPES
EXQUISITE WRAPS
ELEGANT CLOAKS
GLOVE FITTING
"NEWMARKETS'

THE DIVA, $15 to $35

JACKETS FOR TENNIS
BLAZERS for the Seaside
COATS for the Promenade
CAPES for the Opera
CLOAKS for the Carriage
ULSTERS for the Voyage

HASTINGS, $7.50 to $15

MIGNON, $9 to $25

The Most Fashionable Materials
The Prevailing Colors and
The Bon Ton Styles

WE INVITE INSPECTION

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 37 and 39 King Street East, Toronto

Orders by mail carefully attended to.

WE INVITE

Our friends out of town to call on us when in the city, or to send for samples of the largest and most satisfactory selection of

WALL PAPERS

we have ever made. Prices will be found remarkably low.

ELLIOTT & SON

94 TO 96 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Music.

Unaffected good nature and prominent musical ability have won the good-will and admiration of so large a section of the community, that the testimonial concert to Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, on Monday evening, was a tribute such as has never been accorded a local musician since Toronto was. The principal performers of the city, musical and elocutionary, united in the most cordial manner to bear witness to their good feeling towards Mr. Clarke, while the public, to the extent of over two thousand, came and showed its appreciation of his good qualities. When Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mackelcan (I hope Hamilton will forgive me for having appropriated this lady to the Toronto fold in the above sentence) Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Laura McGillivray, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mrs. W. E. Ramsay, Mr. Douglas Bird, Mr. George Taylor, Mr. Edward Lye, Mr. Fred Warrington, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. S. H. Clark, Mr. Tom Hurst, Mr. W. E. Ramsay, Mr. Harry Rich and Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, appear on a programme with Mr. Clarke, the attraction is a strong one and a most enjoyable evening may fairly be expected.

•

That the evening was enjoyable may be inferred from the fact that the programme of fourteen numbers was supplemented by twelve encores, three of them, Mr. Clarke's, Mrs. Caldwell's and Mr. Rich's, being double ones, during which veritable avalanche of amusement the audience remained, almost to a man, to the close of the concert. To individualize as to each performer, where all are so good, would be simply to repeat the many good things I have often said before in these columns of our artists: friends, a reiteration that would make a writer charge himself with poverty of invention, and which would be equally stale news to his readers. Suffice it to say that all were at their best before the public, although one or two of the singers were still under the weather after a season's work and the Grippe. It is satisfactory to know that a handsome sum was realized, which will be a substantial testimonial to Mr. Clarke on his withdrawal from Toronto. One is tempted to use a trite saying, and state that Toronto's loss will be Gilmore's gain. I have no doubt that Mr. Clarke will endeavor to make Mr. Gilmore feel this, and I am sure that his conscientious work in his new sphere will satisfy the veteran bandmaster, as well as ripen Mr. Clarke's own art.

•

I heard many people say: "Why cannot we have such a concert oftener? The expense would be well repaid by the abundant attraction such an array of talent would offer to the public." I have no doubt that a large slate, such as that of Monday night, could, with proper advertising and working up, be made to pay handsomely, say once a year, and it would be a fine opening for each season, when the summer's idleness has freshened the voices of the singers and whetted the appetites of the public. Precisely in what proportion the popularity of Mr. Clarke and that of the performers contributed to Monday's success, it is impossible to say at the time of writing, but the experiment of repeating the concert on Wednesday evening will afford some information on the subject. The result may be taken to indicate to some extent how far our popular artists will draw, though not giving an altogether reliable criterion, as only thirty-six hours' advertising could be done.

•

Monday evening will bring us Madame Albani and M. de Pachmann. The fair Canadian has not been heard in Toronto any too often, and as one of the world's greatest singers should possess a great attraction for the public. Similar prominence attaches to M. de Pachmann, whose playing here last December afforded great pleasure to a number of his hearers among a critical audience of professional people.

•

The following (Easter) week will have several musical events. On the Monday evening the Army and Navy Veterans will give their annual concert at the Academy, with Miss Jardine Thomson, Miss Gertrude Leadley, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. E. W. Schuch, and Mr. W. E Ramsay as the attractions. On the Wednesday evening the Philharmonic Society will hold its public rehearsal, and on Thursday evening it will perform Dr. Bridge's Callirhoe with miscellaneous selections, among which will be the celebrated Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. Friday evening being devoted to Gounod's beautiful Redemption.

•

Miss Attalie Claire, the young Torontonian who was forced to enter the list in a contest for popularity with Miss Lillian Russell, has been engaged for the concert of the Toronto Vocal Society on the 28th inst. The Boston *News* offered as a prize in this contest a beautiful diamond star worth a cool thousand, and Miss Claire's admirers polled over a hundred thousand votes for their fair candidate, who won the trinket triumphantly. The result was Miss Claire's being relieved of her work in La Cigale—though her handsome salary runs on until the 23rd of this month—Alry, Fairy Lillian permitting no such rival near her.

•

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer will sing Stainer's beautiful cantata, The Crucifixion, on Holy Thursday evening. METRONOME.

Academy of Music

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THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY
April 11, 12 and 13
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Thursday and Friday Evenings and Good Friday Matinee —THE TYROLEAN. Saturday Matinee and Evening—Grand Production of NANON.
PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50.
SPECIAL NOTICE—The sale of seats commences Monday morning, April 11, at 9 o'clock.

From "The Musical Courier," New York

THE "NORDHEIMER" PIANO

A. & S. NORDHEIMER - Toronto, Ont.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

BRANCHES: - MONTREAL OTTAWA HAMILTON LONDON

The representative of *The Musical Courier* recently had an interesting interview with the well-known firm, Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, of Toronto, Canada. This firm—the pioneers of the trade in Canada—has been engaged in the piano business over half a century, being first established at Kingston when that city was the Canadian seat of government in 1840. Three years later the Nordheimers made Toronto their headquarters, and at the same time established a branch house at Montreal. Shortly afterward the firm also had, and still retains, agencies at Ottawa, Hamilton and London, and have since extended to Winnipeg and other parts of the North-West.

The special feature of the Nordheimers' business in its younger days was the introduction of what were then the highest grade pianos—the "Chickering" and the "Stodard & Dunham." They also have held, and still hold, the agency for Canada of the "Steinway" since the earliest years of its manufacture, and which, with the "Chickering," they consider as having the most exalted position as a piano throughout the civilized world.

When the Stodard & Dunham firm ceased to exist Messrs. Nordheimer decided to accept the agency of the Haines Brothers as being the most satisfactory substitute. Experience has proved the wisdom of this choice, and the "Haines" piano has always maintained a high water mark of popularity and reputation.

The inauguration of the "National Policy" by the Dominion Government in 1878 had a very material effect on the piano business of Canada. Heavy customs duties were imposed upon all imported instruments, with the direct result that a number of manufactories were established. The exigencies of the new fiscal situation promptly suggested to the Messrs. Nordheimer the advisability of entering the field as manufacturers themselves. Their long experience and thorough knowledge of what was essential in the construction of a first class piano justified their serious consideration of the matter. On such an important step, however, they deemed it advisable to consult with their old friends, the great American piano makers whom they had so long represented in Canada. They, instead of discouraging the Nordheimers from establishing a factory, strongly urged them to do so in view of the high customs tariff, and they rendered advice and afforded them every possible assistance and facility to secure the very best methods of construction and tone. Advice so received was strickly followed; especially as regards the adaptation of one of the best American scales, and also as to actions and materials to be used in the construction of the "Nordheimer" piano.

Instead of rushing into the business in a wholesale fashion the Messrs. Nordheimer adopted the principal of quality instead of quantity, turning out at first only a few instruments each week from their factory. The demand, however, by virtue of their excellence quickly sprang into favor. The output increased rapidly and at this date of writing over 3,000 have been disposed of to the friends and retail customers of the firm.

Answering an inquiry put by *The Musical Courier* representative as to the methods adopted for securing such satisfactory results in so short a time, Mr. Nordheimer said: "We have not pushed our pianos by extravagant newspaper advertising or by publishing certificates from professional experts. In fact we have purposely avoided many of the methods so commonly in use by young houses for making their pianos known. The only inference possible is that the success of our pianos is the reward of merit. We have merely followed the line of the most eminent examples of the piano manufacturing trade in the United States, and we have every reason to be content with the results so far achieved.

"You used at one time to make the 'Lansdowne' piano, Mr. Nordheimer. What has become of that?' asked the *Courier* scribe. "We ceased making it for various reasons. The main one, however, was that, on reorganizing our factory, some eighteen months ago, we found that every inch of space was required by the vastly increased business of manufacturing the 'Nordheimer' piano. We were also desirious of dispelling the erroneous impression which was being disseminated that the 'Lansdowne' and the 'Nordheimer,' being made in the same factory, were substantially one instrument. They were not, so by any means. I candidly admit," continued Mr. Nordheimer, "that the making of the 'Lansdowne' was with the object of reaching and supplying dealers—the trade—and persons who did not feel disposed to purchase the 'Nordheimer,' which is a more costly instrument. The 'Lansdowne' had an entirely different scale and was without a full metal frame. Nevertheless, it was a conscientiously made piano and gave every satisfaction. But, for the reasons I have given you, we concluded that it would be best to discontinue making it, and, like all first-class manufacturers, confine ourselves to one grade.

Touching on a question as to how the American agencies which they held were affected by the introduction of piano manufacturing into their business, Mr. Nordheimer stated that, notwithstanding the heavy import duty, the higher grade pianos of Steinway and Chickering always found a good market and one which increased with the advance of musical taste and the material wealth of the country. Last year they disposed of more "Steinways" and "Chickerings" than in almost any previous year.

The fact of having so many branches throughout Canada and that they have made so marked a success with the manufacturing department of their business is a sufficient indication that the Messrs. Nordheimer are a progressive firm. They, however, are conservative in their methods—persistent but steady going. While their factory on York street, which has been in operation since 1880, reveals all the best appliances for modern piano construction, their warerooms on King street have an air of old-time conservatism and solidity, being in fact the identical premises where the business made its first start in Toronto about fifty years ago.

The *Musical Courier*, through its representative, is indebted to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer for much interesting and valuable information relative to the general music trade of Canada, which its readers will have the benefit of later on.

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This year we will certainly a much larger stock than ever before. and every rose and shrub and vine we is sold out in good time, and will prove to be just as represented, and will and be a source of pleasure and delight. Send for our Price List NOW. We buster daily as the season advances. Mention this paper and we will send our Catalogue FREE. WEBSTER BROS., Hamilton

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Desirous of your patronage,

I remain,

Yours truly,

H. A. TAYLOR.

Rossin Block, Toronto.

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Write for my 37th Annual Catalogue. WM. EVANS, Montreal.

LESSONS FREE—Hours: 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 5 p.m., and 7 to 10 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday only.

The ladies of Toronto will learn with pleasure that the inventor of a new method of dressmaking has opened a school at No. 4 King Street East, a branch of the New York, Boston and Montreal establishments. The only diploma granted at the Montreal Exhibition of 1891 was won by this fine system. By its aid MISS J. PENLEY can teach in one day, fit, trim and design all styles of costumes—Ball, Party and Reception dresses. It will cost nothing to call and examine this famous system, the finest dress system in the world, and by learning it hundreds of dollars may be saved by every housewife. Dresses drafted in three minutes. A rare chance is also offered for a few ladies to get into a money-making business and earn from $5 to $10 a day. Mothers should not let this chance escape of having their daughters learn this valuable art. Pupils received in the evening also.

COMPLETE

We have just received another large shipment of Dress Goods, consisting of the latest Novelties in French and English designs, Parisian Costumes, Chevrons, Satin Stripes, Bedford Cords and Novelty Goods. Stripes being very fashionable, we are showing a great variety of styles and colors. Never have we had such an enormous and beautiful range of goods to place before the ladies of Toronto. Prices to suit all purses, and styles and colors to please all tastes.

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The True Merits of Melissa

As there may be some people who do not yet quite appreciate the great value of Melissa cloth for health garments, and as others may have been deceived by the misrepresentations of interested parties, we give the following description to remove false impressions:

Melissa proofed coats or other garments are just what the inventor and manufacturers claim them to be, neither more nor less. They are both rainproof, porous and odorless, therefore perfectly healthful and comfortable. They are common sense garments, and should be treated in a common sense manner. Although rainproof they are not waterproof in the sense that a water cushion or bottle made of rubber is waterproof. Being porous, water can be forced through them, either by heavy pressure or by squeezing with the fingers. If they were absolutely waterproof they would be absolutely air-tight and therefore no better than rubber. *Herein lies the peculiar value of the invention.* Sensible people do not buy rainproof garments for the purpose of forcing water through them or of carrying water in them, neither do they take shelter under a water spout, nor sit in a pool for pleasure. They buy rainproof garments to wear for the purpose of protecting themselves from the weather, and a Melissa coat or mantle will effectually protect the wearer for many hours in a heavy rain or snow storm. Melissa has a peculiar water repellant property which prevents water when falling in the form of rain or snow on a garment from penetrating the cloth, and the true way to test the utility of a Melissa garment is not by pouring a stream of water on it from a watering can but by wearing it in a heavy rain storm. The result will be found eminently satisfactory. Continued exposure to the weather will not impair in the slightest degree the rain proof quality of Melissa. It is fixed and permanent. These garments, thoroughly well made from fine materials, are now on the counters of first-class dealers throughout the whole country.

His Revenge.

A well known actor, who advertises himself by a conspicuous display of diamonds, was parading the veranda of a hotel in Dallas, Texas, with several of his gems in sight. After strolling past a group of ladies several times he suddenly stopped and said to them: "Ah, I see that you admire my diamonds. Permit me. This one is worth $2,000. This cost me $2,500. This cluster-pin I value at $5,000. I have with me diamonds worth $30,000, and I own $10,000 worth which I have stored for safe keeping in a Chicago bank." The ladies smiled upon him silently and contemptuously, and he took his departure. That evening when the actor entered the hotel dining-room, he was seated at a table in the middle of the room alone. A few minutes later a half dozen young men in full dress entered the dining-room in a body and sat down at the same table. In the center of each immaculate shirt front shone a bit of plate glass as large as a marble, while brass rings bearing great settings of glass fairly loaded down the hands of the new-comers. The actor glanced about the table and his jaw dropped from sheer astonishment. Before he could recover himself one of the young men arose, and walking around the table to the actor's seat, he said in a tone that was distinctly audible throughout the room: "Ah, I see you admire my diamonds. Permit me. This one is worth eight cents a pound, retail. This cost me a nickel, just as it is. This one I value at a dime. I have with me seventy cents' worth of gems, and I own an interest in a glass works at Chicago besides." The actor was speechless, and without finishing his supper hastily arose and left the room, followed by a lively chorus of ahs and ohs.

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—*King John.*

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A Trial is Sufficient to Establish its Merits
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100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GROVES—On Monday, April 4, Mrs. W. E. Groves—a son.
McCOLL—At 576 Jarvis street, on March 31, Mrs. J. R. McColl—a son.
WOODS—March 30, Mrs. James W. Woods—a son.
FAYRE—April 5, Mrs. John Fayre—a son (stillborn).
GWATKIN—April 4, Mrs. G Gwatkin—a daughter.
McCAUSLAND—April 4, Mrs. F. H. McCausland—a daughter.
WRIGHT—March 31, Mrs. Harry Wright—a daughter.
McKELLAR—April 4, Mrs. A. McKellar—a son.
ALLEY—March 30, Mrs. Henry Alley—a son.
CHICK—March 25, Mrs. W. J. Chick—a daughter.
JARVIS—March, Mrs. Stanley Jarvis—a son.
LOVELL—March 31, Mrs. Robert Lovell—a son.
LYTLE—March 30, Mrs. T. A. Lytle—a son.
MORSE—March 30, Mrs. J. W. Morse—a daughter.
STRATHY—March 19, Mrs. R. L. F. Strathy—a son.
TANNER—March 30, Mrs. W. Tanner—a son (still-born).
GRANT—March 24, Mrs. Wilbur Grant—a daughter.

Marriages.

THORNE—PERSSE—March 30, R. Edgar Thorne to Laura Persse.
TESKEY—McCALLUM—March 30, John S. Teskey to Minnie McCallum.

Deaths.

VALLARY—April 1, Francis Vallary, aged 51.
ROSS—April 2, James Ross, sr., M. D., aged 60
VINCENT—Dec. 13, Eliza Ann Vincent, aged 63.
PRESTON—April 3, Anne Preston, aged 65.
BEST—April 4, Thomas Best, aged 79.
McKITRICK—April 5, Evan McKitrick, aged 2.
EDEN—April 2, Sarah Eden, aged 62.
McCURRY—April 3, William McCurry, aged 21.
UPTHEGROVE—April 5, Alida Upthegrove, aged 18.
COULTHARD—April 2, John Coulthard, aged 60
CAMPBELL—April 2, Joseph P. Campbell, aged 20.
BATURLAY—March 30, Matilda Baturlay.
DOUGLAS—April 1, Emma Douglas, aged 18
FUNSTON—March 31, Letitia Funston, aged 78.
STOW—March 30, Arthur F. Stow, aged 1.
ATKIN—April 1, John H. Atkin, aged 6.
MORRISON—March 31, Hugh A. Morrison.
McGREGOR—April 1, Augusta McGregor.
BEATTY—April, Adam Beatty, aged 82.
STEWART—March 31, Herbert Stewart, aged 3
JOHNSTON—April 1, Robert Johnston, aged 22.
TWEDDIE—March 29, Sanford Tweddie, aged 24.
FOSE—March 31, Ann Fose, aged 73.

Unreserved Auction Sale

We have received instructions from

Messrs. H. A. Collins & Co.

(Who are retiring from the retail portion of their business)

to offer the whole of their valuable stock of

HOUSEFURNISHINGS

CONSISTING OF

Fine Electro-plated Ware
Knives, Forks & Spoons
Plated Dish Covers
Brass Fire Irons
Brass Fenders
Brass Andirons
Bird Cages
Japanned Tinware
Agate Ironware
Copperware
Woodenware
&c., &c.

BY

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WEEK BEGINNING

Monday, April 11

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WHITE FRENCH CHINA
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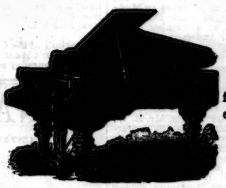

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